NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

315124

VOLUME VII.---NO. 1. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 313.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

Sydney Howard Gay,
Maria Weston Chapman,
Edmund Quincy,
} Editors.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—$2 00 a year, in advance; $2 50 if not paid within six months.

☞ $10 00, in advance, will pay for SIX copies, for one year, sent to one address.

☞ TWENTY copies, or more, will be sent to one address, at $1 50 each.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

THE LIBERTY OF BRITISH SUBJECTS INVADED IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following article we cut from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter. It has been often asserted, and as often denied, that the vessels of Great Britain are not subjected to the same stringent application of the laws of the slave States, relative to colored mariners, that those of the Northern States are. We have in this letter all the confirmation needed of the assertion. The authorities of Wilmington *did not dare* to take the crew of the "Susan King," in opposition to her master. It is true he was annoyed as far as it was in the power of the slaveholders to do so, without proceeding to extremities, but they shrank from arresting a British subject. They would not have hesitated for a moment had he been a Northener. Is it not a glorious Union which gives more liberty to the foreigner than to our own citizens? The letter which follows, from James Haughton, is from the Dublin Freeman's Journal. We know that the British press and the British Government will make a noise about it. Mr. Haughton, it will be seen, is mistaken in supposing the men were imprisoned:

We call the special attention of our readers to the following extracts of a narrative of Capt. McLean, of the brig Susan King, of St. Lucia. It refers to the treatment of a portion of her Majesty's subjects, who visit the slave states in merchant vessels on their lawful business. It is but one of a long series of cases which have ocurred; and with men less firm than Capt. McLean has led to the incarceration of British seamen in the common jails of the United States, contrary to the express stipulations of our treaties with that country. This subject has been again and again brought under the attention of Government, but hitherto without producing any beneficial result. It must not, however, be allowed to slumber any longer. The formal demand of the late Mr. Canning, for the repeal of the laws, in the United States, affecting the liberty of her Majesty's colored subjects, must be again reiterated by Government until they are repealed:

"I sailed, says Capt. McLean, from your island in the brig Susan King, in December last, for Wilmington; and, owing to sickness that prevailed amongst the crew, and to navigate the ship with safety, I had to employ for this voyage to Wilmington, some colored men of this island. Having arrived at Wilmington on the 31st of December, and having on the same day entered my vessel at the custom-house, and deposited my muster-roll at the British vice-consul's office, according to law, I was not a little surprised, when, on the following day, the harbor-master, on presenting me the harbor regulations, informed me that seeing part of my crew to be colored men, he must take them out of the vessel and confine them in jail until the sailing of the ship. After some ineffectual remonstrance with the harbor-master on the cruelty and injustice of such an act, which I maintained could hardly apply to a British ship and British subjects, besides the loss and detention of the ship for want of her effective crew, thereby leaving my ship in a crippled state, disabling me from carrying on the necessary duty so short-handed, &c.; the harbor-master took his departure, giving me until the following morning at ten o'clock to provide men, as he would then come to take my 'black crew' out of the ship to gaol, observing as he left, that he neither made nor could alter the law, but was appointed to carry it into effect, and he referred me to his instructions in the harbor regulations on this subject.

"I went on shore and found that nothing could be done, from the apathy and indifference with which the matter was treated by my friends and those with whom I wished to argue the matter; and I wound up my negotiations by saying, 'Gentlemen, the laws of my country happily make no distinction in the colors of the skin; my men are free subjects of her Britannic Majesty; and what a libel (I fearlessly said) it is when you call this a free country! what a profanation of the sacred word LIBERTY! As I said before, these men are free British subjects, and I am their employer, and consider myself also their protector; and I am resolved to dispute their being taken from under the protection of that flag (pointing to the British ensign at our peak) without a cause. You are in reality making war on the liberty of British subjects when you would incarcerate us in your dungeons, who are guilty of nothing save coming to your port for the lawful purposes of trade. This point I shall dispute, and if I am wrong, I will suffer for my temerity; if right, I fear not but my Sovereign and country (insignificant as I am) will visit with ample retribution any injustice done me.'"

Capt. McLean, after describing the measures which he took on board the Susan King to prevent [illegible] of his crew, proceeds in his detail by [illegible] the following copy of a letter to the commissioner of navigation, in the port of Wilmington:

"Gentlemen, it is my painful duty to communicate to you how much I have been grieved in perusing [illegible] regulations for the port of Wilmington, and by the notification of the harbor-master, that part of my crew being colored men, (free British subjects [illegible] to be taken by him, the harbor-master, out of the ship and lodged in gaol, and there to be confined as criminals until the sailing of my ship from [illegible] *That the free subjects of her Britannic Majesty, coming to your port for the lawful and allowed purposes of commerce, are to be incarcerated as felons, without having committed any offence on the person or property of any individual in this community*, appears to your communicant a most grievous act, by which the security and interests of his ship will be most injuriously affected. But, gentlemen, without commenting on the policy or expediency of such an arbitrary, cruel, and I must add, oppressive law, I beg most respectfully to submit this proposition, viz: that I will give security, in any reasonable amount, that the colored men shall not go on shore, nor have any communication with the shore; but while on board their ship, and under that flag of which they are the free subjects, I shall consider it my duty to protect them from all violence against their liberty and person; and consider it a violation of the law of nations, a degradation of her Majesty's subjects, and a flagrant breach of Article 1st, of the Convention of Commerce between Great Britain and the United States of America—to wit: 'The inhabitants of the two countries respectively shall have liberty *freely and securely* to come with their ships and cargoes to all such places, ports, and rivers in the territories aforesaid,' &c.; and by virtue of the aforesaid treaty and convention, I shall consider myself justified in repelling, force by force, any attempt to deprive me of that security and freedom, and the personal liberty of myself and crew; and, by these presents, I do publicly and solemnly protest, declare, and avow, that unless a warrant, duly issued under the hand and seal of a magistrate, or justice of the peace, or some other legal and responsible authority, is produced, by and in virtue of which any FREE CITIZEN of the United States might in like manner be apprehended and committed to a common goal, no British subject, being a seaman, and belonging to the ship of which I have the command, can or will be voluntarily surrendered. And I again, by this present communication, PROTEST and declare, for myself, and in behalf of all under my command, to act, resist, and defend, (except as in manner aforesaid,) to the best and utmost of my power, all and every attempt on the liberty of those British subjects, for whom I am responsible.

I have the honor, &c."

Whether my letter to the commissioners had the wished-for effect, or whether it was treated with contempt, I cannot say; for the commissioners did not condescend to reply. The harbor-master, however, called at the appointed time, accompanied by the police, and demanded the colored men. I replied that I had, through his hint of the previous evening, addressed a letter to the authorities under whom he acted, and that I had therein made a proposition, and protested against my crew being taken out of the ship, unless a legal warrant be produced by which any free citizen of the States might in like manner be apprehended, and committed to a common gaol. "If, Sir," I said, "you have such a warrant, I offer no opposition to your taking the persons therein named; but, without this, I solemnly protest against your taking any person out of, and belonging to this ship." "I refer you," replied the harbor-master, "to the harbor instructions for my authority." I observed, "that I had carefully perused the harbor regulations, and had given them my best attention; that I perceived there were penalties for every breach of them; but I took the part to which he referred, to wit: "It shall be the duty of the harbor-master to arrest any negro or mulatto (not belonging to this port) found on board of any vessel in this harbor, and deliver him or them to the police officers of this town, to be dealt with according to law," to be no authority to distress any ship by giving up part of her crew, and thereby defeating my efforts to evade the pains and penalties in the preceding article of those regulations; that if, in refusing to deliver up these men to this authority, I am guilty of any crime, he must of course, know how to proceed against me as an offender and I must abide the consequence." On this the harbor-master departed, and here the gaoling proceedings ended; but not so the persecutions to which I was subjected, for, on finding that I would not deliver up my colored men, the authorities prohibited any persons of color from working on board my vessel, under pain of twenty-nine lashes for every time they were detected on board. Now, as all the laboring class are people of color, and also the stevedores, I was by this measure subjected to great inconvenience and delay in the loading of my vessel. And I would ask if these things at all comport with the spirit or intention of the articles of our Convention of Commerce with the United States; or can it be said that they are consistent with the terms "freely and securely to come with their ships and cargoes," &c. I shall leave those more learned in the law to judge. We are told that it is not a law of the United States, but a local law of *the State of North Carolina:* but I hold (though not conversant with the ambiguities and subtleties of the law) that by the reasoning of common-sense, the conclusion that the State of South Carolina, as a member of the federal body, is bound by its acts in relation to its engagements with foreign States; and we ought to demand our right of "freely and securely coming to all ports and rivers in the territory of the United States."

CHARLES R. McLEAN.
Brig "Susan King," St. Lucea, Feb. 24, 1846.

IMPRISONMENT OF BRITISH SUBJECTS IN AMERICA.

35 ECCLES street, 27th April, 1846.

To the Editor of the Freeman:

DEAR SIR—A friend of mine who has travelled much in various countries, but who is now a resident of this city, has this day sent me a number of the Grenada Free Press, dated the 25th of March last, in which there is a detailed account of a most unjustifiable indignity offered to free British subjects in the city of Wilmington, in the United States of America. My friend sent me the paper with a view of having the outrage I shall now relate laid before the British and Irish people through the medium of the press—that great guardian, in these free countries, of the rights and liberties of all who are injured in body or estate. Capt. McLean, master of the brig Susan King, sailed from St. Lucia, in December last, and arrived at Wilmington on the 31st of the same month. Part of his crew were colored men. His ship was at once visited by the harbor-master, who informed him that these must be taken ashore and put into prison during the stay of the vessel in their port. Capt. McLean remonstrated against this violation of justice—this outrage upon British subjects—this violation of the Convention of Commerce between Great Britain and the United States—this injury done to himself, by depriving him of hands for the discharge of his cargo. But all to no effect, such is the law of Carolina, and he (the harbor-master) as its officer, had nothing to do but carry the law into effect. To prison the men must go, and there remain until such time as the ship should be ready to go to sea. Capt. McLean applied to the authorities of the town. He issued a protest, and declared he would only give up his men to a superior force. Read his description of the "horrid dungeon," in which these unoffending men were placed. "I use this strong expression *horrid*, from my own ocular knowledge of the wretched accommodation for this oppressed class of its inmates; a colder, damper, or more noisome dungeon can scarcely be imagined; and humanity shudders at the thought of even a felon, with the blood of his fellow-man upon his guilty head, being bound within its noisome and filthy cells." "Mr. Editor, the curse of the rankest growth of Slavery has steeled the hearts of this community to all sympathy for the poor degraded black man. Here he is absolutely classed, at least, in the feelings of his master, below the brute."

I have been long aware of the fact, that by the laws of the slave states (I believe of all of them) the free colored American was liable to imprisonment when found in their ports. But I did not believe that free subjects of the Queen of England were subjected to that indignity. I hope it has not been done without such remonstrance as will prevent the recurrence of so gross an outrage. Capt. McLean's account of the transaction is not concluded in the number of the Gazette sent me; so that I do not yet know how the matter ended. But enough is known to arouse our most indignant feelings, and to call for such an amount of public expression on the subject as will induce our Government to take up this matter with spirit, and a full determination to have the insufferable injustice put an end to, so far at least as British subjects are concerned. Herein a great principle is violated, which nothing should induce us tamely to submit to. All intercourse with a people guilty of so great a violation of the rights of others, ought to be suspended. Let America enjoy the unenviable privilege of believing all her most sacred declarations by committing wrongs, which demons would blush at, on her own unhappy subjects; but let her learn to treat free-born men from other countries with respect. The opponents of Slavery—the advocates of the rights of all men, are often taunted by the cold-hearted, and by those who are too much wrapped up in selfishness, to permit themselves any leisure for thinking of their fellow-man in bondage; with over-heated enthusiasm—with an exaggeration of the cruelties of the system; but this is a cruel and unjust opposition to philanthropic effort. The reality exceeds all the powers of the imagination to conjure up or invent. The act of making a chattel of a human being—of turning a man into an article of merchandise, makes the perpetrator of such criminality, a fit instrument for any deed of wickedness. For it is only by a prostration of every dignified attribute of humanity, that men can either be the agents or the willing victims of a system so abhorrent in nature, and to nature's God.

I hope the press will make a noise about this incarceration of free British subjects, guiltless of any crime. I hope the matter will be taken up in Parliament, and that the State of North Carolina will be called on to make reparation to Capt. McLean, and his deeply-injured men. This is a subject of higher importance than the Oregon question—for in the one case the rights of humanity are at stake, while in the other a territory to which neither party have any rightful claim, is the cause of dispute.

Let Irishmen, who have much to complain of on account of misgovernment at home, ever bear in mind that the true method for obtaining the sympathy of the wise and good, and of ultimately obtaining their own righteous ends, is by a consistent adherence to principle, and by so true and honest a love of liberty, that we shall ever be found willing to assist in breaking every yoke, and in setting the oppressed in every land free. So long as the slave States of America insist in maintaining the infamous law alluded to, "soul drivers" from these States should be prevented from polluting our shores.

Hoping you will approve of these free sentiments, and give them a place in your paper,

I am, yours, respectfully,
JAMES HAUGHTON.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP—POLITICO-RADICO.

The editor of the True Wesleyan, from which we copy the following article, pays no very flattering compliment to "some directions"—by which, we presume, he means his readers—in expecting that the arguments of his correspondent will be without influence, because he does not happen to believe them true. The first position he believes is "strong meat;" of course that settles it. To the second he answers: we have voted the Liberty ticket, and therefore such is the conclusion—Whigs, Democrats, and Liberty men are not pro-slavery. And to the third he says: "These are hard sayings, who can bear them?" It is pretty evident that he, for one, cannot. But we give both articles entire:

Lest the publication of the following article should produce a wrong impression in some directions, we feel bound to say that if we understand the writer, we differ with him in opinion, and on some points in practice.

1. We understand him as saying what implies that there are no real Christians in any of the churches, only what are found among the Wesleyans. This is strong meat.

2. We understand the writer to say that Wesleyans are pro-slavery, "because they are Whigs, and Democrats, and Liberty party men." Now, we have voted the Liberty party ticket, without dreaming that we were, per consequence, pro-slavery.

3. We understand the writer as saying, in effect, that no man can hold office under the General or State Government, without being pro-slavery, on account of the pro-slavery character of the Constitution and laws; and consequently, all are pro-slavery who aid men, by their votes, to obtain office. "These are hard sayings, who can bear them?"

If brother Selby does not mean so to be understood, he must excuse our want of perception which causes our misunderstanding; and if these are his views, he must allow us to differ in opinion:

For the True Wesleyan.

DEAR BROTHER LEE:—In the True Wesleyan of April 25th, I find an article signed W., I presume from J. W. Walker, of Cleveland, Ohio, which article is one of the best I have read for some time. It takes the only true ground for Christians to take—the only consistent ground that Wesleyans can take, and I am firm in the belief, that all who profess to be Wesleyan reformers, that take any other position than is taken in W.'s article with regard to church union and communion, should go back from whence they came, or at once cease to unite to their fellowship members of slaveholding churches. For what did we secede from pro-slavery and slaveholding churches? Was it not because we could not fellowship them? Certainly it was. But since we have seceded, we have ascertained the fact, that though we could not fellowship the whole, we can now fellowship a part; and why? Because we think that part the best; and why? Because they have the most light—they have light enough to know that it is wrong to tear the husband from the wife, and the wife from the husband—the parent from the child, and the child from the parent; yea, they have light to know that it is wrong to lie, to steal, to commit adultery, to commit piracy and murder; and, strange to tell, have not light enough to know that it is wrong to eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God with them, i. e. fellowship those that are guilty of the above named high-handed deeds of wickedness. These are the good brethren to whom we say, come to our communion! Yes, we Wesleyans can say to the enlightened apologists for Slavery—the enlightened aiders and abettors of the vilest system of outrage that ever saw the sun—come, kneel by our sides and receive the emblems of the broken body, and shed blood of Jesus Christ with us, for we are your brethren. O, can it be that Wesleyans, yea, the leaders in the Wesleyan ranks, can say to the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Congregationalist, you may fellowship the man-stealer—the violater of female chastity—the robbers of mothers of their babes—the vilest vipers that ever lived, and we (Wesleyans) will fellowship you.

Brother Lee, this will never do; we must say hands off, or God will not prosper us. I hope there will be no more articles in the True Wesleyan on Christian fellowship, i. e. fellowshipping members of slaveholding churches. If we declare that we will fellowship those who manifest an uncompromising anti-slavery Christianity, except in the one item of secession, and that too without fellowshiping in the remotest sense, a pro-slavery organization, then all such Christians will feel free to commune with the brotherhood of thieves, and to-day, and to-morrow, (with the only ecclesiastical organization based purely on anti-slavery principles,) with the Wesleyans; and why? Because they have declared that we (pro-slaveryites) are no part of a pro-slavery organization, as they (the Wesleyans) declare that they do not, in the remotest sense, fellowship our pro-slavery brethren, for they (the Wesleyans) only fellowship the man, that fellowshipped the man! that fellowshipped the man!! that fellowshipped the man!!! that robbed his neighbor of his wife, and ravished his daughter. I am sorry that brother W.'s letter did not go further than it did; for we, as Wesleyans, do not only fellowship Slavery by inviting members of pro-slavery churches to commune with us, but by sustaining the political parties of our country: We are Whigs, and Democrats, and Liberty party men, none of which we can be without supporting Slavery, for not only is the Constitution of the United States pro-slavery, but the laws of every State in the Union are pro-slavery, hence we, as Wesleyans, cannot sustain either of the political parties, for each of those parties, if elected, do swear to support the laws of our country, general and sectional, and hence they support Slavery. We nevertheless can vote, and ought to vote, not for men but for principles. Thus, no union with slaveholders—no fellowship with Slavery.

I hope we will look at the matter and take the right ground, though the earth should be removed.

N. SELBY.

From the Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

NORTHERN MEN WITH SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES.

In treating of our public affairs it has frequently been our duty to call attention to the proofs given, by members of Congress, and a portion of the public press in the free States, of a criminal subserviency to the slaveholders' views and dictations. Until recently, this subserviency has been confined almost entirely to the leaders and members of that party, which, by way of broad joke, calls itself the *Democratic* party. *Lux, a non lucendo.* Of late, we regret to see, that some of the newspapers, whose editors claim to take a lead in the Whig party, have exhibited a strong tendency towards doughfaceism. The most conspicuous of these is the New-York Courier and Enquirer, whose leading editor, Mr. Webb, in his long career, seems to us, to have been consistent in nothing but in his passionate desire to ape Southern chivalry, and please his Southern supporters. At no time, when the rights of the North have been attempted to be subverted by Southern politicians, have the slaveholders had a more thorough partisan in the North, noted as it is for politicians treacherous to the region that gave them birth. At no time, has this man, amid all his gyrations, taken his admiring eyes from the brazen image with feet of clay,—the slaveholding oligarchy. And now, when the slave-power has, by the admission of Texas, acquired a permanent ascendency in the United States Senate, thereby giving itself the power, for all time to come, of controlling the appointment of all the high officers of Government; and when the slave States, at will, set at defiance the Constitution, and pass laws nullifying the power of the Supreme Court, this political Judas makes it a chief object to denounce all the true presses of the free States, that would stay the encroachments of this power.

The Express, of New-York, is another of the curses of the free North. Its leading editor, we understand, was married to a Virginian lady, who took him to her home, and has fairly converted him to the dusky doctrines of the slave-breeders.

The Express, therefore, goes against all measures of Government that would tend to lessen the profits of breeding slaves in Virginia, for a Southern market. At present prices, the breeding and growing of this kind of stock is the most profitable business in the country. At eight years of age, a likely boy sells for four or five hundred dollars, and the cost of *raising* him to that age is less than that of a horse. The Courier and Express have an extensive circulation, and a potent influence on public opinion, and all goes for upholding Slavery and the slave power. How long will the people of the free States continue to nurture such vipers in their bosom?

TRIAL OF E. D. HUDSON.

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON COURIER.]
SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

FRIDAY, May 22.

Catherine Linda vs. *Erasmus D. Hudson.*—This was an action on the case for maliciously imprisoning the plaintiff, with a design to injure and oppress her, on the 7th of August last.

It appeared that the plaintiff was a slave in Georgia, the property of one W. B. Hodgson, and was staying with her master and family at Northampton; that the defendant caused a writ of habeas corpus to be sued out, and the plaintiff was brought before Judge Dewey; that she there declared she did not wish to be free, and had not authorized the proceedings, but preferred to go with her master; whereupon the writ was discharged, and the plaintiff returned with her master. The declaration averred that the defendant had acted without reasonable or justifiable cause, and without the authority of the plaintiff.

For the defence, evidence was offered that on the day before the habeas corpus was sued out, the plaintiff and her master were at Springfield; that there she dined at the servants' table, and told one of the witnesses that she was a slave, and wished to be free; that again, on the same afternoon, she expressed the same wish to the witness; that he went out to try what could be done, and was referred to Dr. Hudson, the defendant; that he then got a petition prepared, but before it could be presented, the plaintiff and her master had left for Northampton. Next day Doctor Hudson proceeded to Northampton, and presented the petition to Judge Dewey, who declined to issue the writ at first, and suggested that some further facts should be ascertained, and that Dr. Hudson had better try to get access to her, and if refused he would issue the writ. Thereupon the defendant, with two other persons, who were also witnesses, went up to the Mansion House and applied to see the plaintiff, and were refused admission by her master. The writ was then issued, and resulted as above stated.

Judge Wilde charged the jury that if they believed the testimony of the witness who had stated that the plaintiff expressed a wish to be free, that was a good defence, but if not, there was no defence—that a refusal of access to her by her master did not constitute *probable cause*—that if the defendant had not probable cause to believe the facts set forth in his petition, he was liable in this action, and that in that case the law would imply malice. He also charged, that if the defendant had reasonable cause to believe that the plaintiff was at the time restrained of her liberty, and did believe it, that was sufficient to justify him for instituting proper process, *without* any express authority—but that the mere fact that she was a slave in Georgia, and would still be one if returned thither, coupled with the fact that the defendant was refused access to her, was not sufficient to constitute probable cause, and amount to a justification of defendant's act without express authority.

The Jury were unable to agree upon a verdict.

Fletcher Webster and J. P. Healy, for plaintiff.

Wendell Phillips, (who acted under a special power of attorney,) and A. C. Spooner, for defendant.

From the New-York Tribune.

MEXICO.

The attention of our people having been withdrawn from Oregon to Mexico, we shall embrace the opportunity of occasionally publishing in the Tribune statistics of the latter place, which it is hoped may prove of more than mere temporary interest.

According to the best authorities we have been able to consult, the population of Mexico, in 1842, was 7,200,000, of whom 4,000,000 were estimated as Indians; 1,000,000 whites; 6,000 blacks; and 2,000,000 of various castes, such as Tambos, Mulattoes, &c. &c.

In the city of Mexico there are several collegiate institutions of respectable grade and standing, and within the last few years schools have rapidly multiplied throughout the entire Republic. About fifty newspapers are published in the cities and various provinces.

The population of the Republic is made up, in round numbers, as follows:

Mexico,	1,400,000	Sinaloa,	150,000
Jalisco,	675,000	Chiapas,	140,000
Puebla,	660,000	Sonora,	120,000
Yucatan,	580,000	Queretozo,	120,000
Guanajuata,	510,000	Nuevo Leon,	100 000
Oajaca,	500,000	Tamaulipas,	100,000
Michoacan,	500,000	Coahuila,	75,000
San Luis Potosi,	320,000	Aguas Calientis,	70,000
Zacatecas,	275.000	Tabascu,	60,000
Vera Cruz,	250,000	Nuevo Mexico,	60 000
Durango,	160,000	California,	35,000
Chihuahua,	150,000		

The exports from the Republic of Mexico amount to about twenty millions of dollars annually. Not less than twelve millions of silver are coined in the various mints, of which there are some six or eight in the Republic.

"THE OTHER GREAT INTERESTS," AND SLAVERY.

The relation of the Northern States to Slavery "was conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity." It is the offspring of that principle of vicious venality, "*other great interests.*" Hardly had the sun dried the soil of America from the red dews of human blood shed in the Revolutionary War, by those who fought for freedom, than this cardinal doctrine of Northern politics was elevated to be the highest, and holiest attribute of their political morality.—"Other great interests" were to be secured first in the provisions of the national Constitution, though man were sacrificed, and the principles contended for in the Revolutionary struggle, trampled in the dust forever. In apportioning out "the inherent rights of man," or rather of democracy, "the other great interests" were looked after, with a vengeance. If Satan had, by joint ballot, been permitted to give, from the speaker's chair, the casting vote in favor of everlasting Slavery, he could not have dealt a heavier blow to the cause of freedom, than was inflicted by the mole-eyed and mole-footed selfishness of the North, in compromising to the *three-fifth's* representation basis. And one might suppose, without superstition, that the great father of lies carried his *chef d'œuvre* of malignant cunning by proxy in the consummation of that measure. We are sure that the aggregate genius of the Northern and Southern delegates that convened to form the Constitution, could not have produced such a political invention for a self-perpetuating system of Slavery, without the fortuitous concurrence of extra-human influences. There have been slaves from time immemorial, they say; who have worn the fetters of bondage in every age, and country, and clime—white slaves, chiefly, taken captive in war; and held to perpetual bondage by custom. But up to the time of the great American secession, Slavery has been deemed an *involuntary* condition, and ancient heathen were wont to keep a sharp eye out on their slaves lest they should run away some night. But here, in this genteel Egypt, Slavery exists by a tenure that Pharaoh never dreamed of when he let his bondmen go. By the ingenious wickedness of the American Constitution, nearly three millions of our fellow-beings are not only "compelled to volunteer," but *to vote* to be slaves themselves, together with their children to the latest generation. They are not only subject to the ordinary sufferings of ancient Slavery, but a mock suffrage is forced upon them, which, at every election, compels *five* slaves to cast *three* votes against their own emancipation. Most subtle and astute of all human devilries! The bought, bound, chattelized Americans, groaning in bondage, in this land of the free, have twenty-one Representatives in the National Congress, sent there to denounce and vote down even the mildest petition for the abolition, or restraint, or mitigation of Slavery in any part of the Union. Is not this true? Who says *no?* By this blasphemous outrage on human volition, are not three millions of chattelized brethren and sisters virtually brought into the halls of the American Congress—brought and posted there in chain-gangs, and compelled, through their master-representatives, to rattle their chains against any prayer for an alleviation of their condition? Who says *no* to that?

But is the South to blame for endowing Slavery with such a principle of ever-expanding immortality? Who is to answer for the inhuman cunning and ingenious wickedness of this system? We would draw no invidious comparisons, but we believe the South incapable of such an invention, for lack of fertility of genius, and intellectual acumen. It was the first born offspring of the two-edged selfishness of the North. A system that ages of barbarous despotism could not invent, came into being as easily as a bargain between two horse-jockeys. The North wanted to have the Southern slaves taxed to pay the expense of fighting for their liberty in the Revolution, or in any other war that might be waged for their inalienable rights. "*The other great interests,*" were making an earnest demonstration of their hidden nature. A pretty dilemma, this! The North would not insist that the slaves were really men, nor exactly beasts. They were determined that these human beings should *pay;* that they should range on the tax-roll somewhere between the upper brute and the lower human. To call them cattle would raise the taxes at the North; to call them *three-fifths* human would raise the taxes at the South, provided the expenses of the Government were to be raised by direct taxation. Had "the other great interests" permitted the North to allow the Southern slaves to be taxed as cattle, they would have escaped that terrible *right of suffrage* we have described, and the world would never have witnessed that strange anomaly in a republic, the *three-fifths* basis of representation. Far better—keep easy, friends,—far better had it been for the slaves, if they had been put down by the North as cattle outright, in this matter of taxation; for then they would have escaped that ironical suffrage which yearly forges for their limbs new irons of bondage. Then would they have been delivered from the invincible *Twenty-One*, Slavery's life guard, in Congress; and by this time, perhaps, the bar of our National Legislature might have been as accessible to the prayer of the slave as that of Heaven. But "the other great interests" pleaded like horse-leeches, as they have always done, and always will do, so long as they are permitted to usurp the throne of right, and fill the holy of holies of human freedom with the seats of money-changers, and the small wares of selfishness. The North was determined the slaves should be taxed, not as cattle, but partially as men. Well, taxation without representation was an outrageous proposition so soon after the Revolution. It was a violation of one of the "inherent rights of man," which could not be tolerated. If the slaves were to be taxed as men they ought to be represented as men. The North scratched its head thoughtfully at this proposition—it was clear as day. They had fixed this principle on Bunker Hill. If from equals you take equals, the remainder will be equals—that fact had been established on some other hill. Well, then, if, in case of direct taxation *only*, the slaves were to be *rated* as *three-fifths* human, then they ought to be *represented* as *three-fifths* human. It was indisputably so, and the compromise was concluded. "The other great interests" were satisfied, and Slavery acquired a capacity of self-extension and perpetuation that no system of sin had ever won before. In the House of Representatives the Southern States have eighty-eight members. Sixty-seven of these are properly the representatives of slaveholders; the remaining *twenty-one* are representatives of the slaves, whose business it is to represent Slavery as the corner-stone of a republic; as the happiest condition that the African race can enjoy, at least in this land of Bibles.

It should be passed to the credit of "the other great interests," that the North may yet realize some pecuniary offset to this boon to Slavery. We cannot say, with confidence, that the Federal Government has ever derived a farthing of revenue from a tax on slaves. We have no record on hand, nor time to look up one, of any direct national tax imposed since the adoption of the Constitution.—*N'importe;*—there may be a direct tax sometime or other, and then—give ear, O, humanity—and then there will something accrue to "the other great interests" for giving life, and immortality, and power, and dominion to the Beast. For Slavery thus expanded will pour into the coffers of "other great interests" more than a corn-basketfull of coined copper. Men voted at the last Presidential election who will see perhaps twenty millions of slaves in the Union—we are sure of it, if "the other great interests" shall continue to be to the political morality of the North what the love of God is to religion. Well, think of that! what a revenue will accrue from twenty millions of beings rated as three-fifths human in case of a direct tax!

We cannot speak with that enthusiasm of such a prospect which "the other great interests" demand of their devotees. We leave it to them to balance accounts with humanity between "the other great interests and Slavery."—*Burritt.*

From the New-York Tribune.

EMANCIPATION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.
No. II.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The British Parliament in the act of emancipation proceeded upon the opinion, then almost universally entertained, that the slave must be prepared for liberty before he could, with safety, be made entirely free. They consequently decreed that for six years the slaves should be bound to work for their former masters as apprentices, not slaves;—that the power of punishment should be transferred from the hands of the master to those of the magistrate, and that at the expiration of these six years of preparation for liberty their emancipation should be entire. The motives which led to this policy, which subsequent events have shown to have been a mistaken policy, were unquestionably good. Said Earl Grey, one of the leading members of Parliament, upon this subject, "I confess I could not contemplate without some degree of apprehension the possibility of danger arising from setting the slaves free at once; and therefore it was considered by his Majesty's Government that a progressive change, combining a preparatory state of restricted labor, with a certain degree of free labor, to end in ultimate manumission, was the safest course to be pursued."

On the islands of Antigua and Bermuda, however, the planters resolved to reject this preparatory course, and decreed that on the striking of the clock on the first of August, 1834, every slave should be instantaneously and unconditionally emancipated. It was a bold and a noble experiment, for on the island of Antigua there were thirty-four thousand five hundred slaves and free blacks, and only two thousand whites—a disproportion vastly greater than exists in any of our Southern States.

And the result of this experiment was so highly and so unexpectedly beneficial that the remainder of the islands, after witnessing for a few years its operation, universally relinquished the apprenticeship system, and unconditional emancipation was extended to all the slaves. Such is the great event, the results of which I wish to spread before the public mind. Though you can hardly find its parallel on the pages of ancient or modern history, yet it has attracted but little attention from the great majority of our countrymen. But every American should carefully ponder the boon it teaches; for we have within our own borders two and a half millions of bondmen, and the question of their continued servitude, or their emancipation, must inevitably, ere long, agitate every section of our country.

The first principle which this event establishes, is that, *immediate emancipation is safe.* It was asserted, before this experiment, that the slaves could not with safety be suddenly liberated; that unacquainted with freedom they would arise and satiate their long-suppressed revenge in flames and violence and blood. The white man knew how measureless were the wrongs which the colored man had long endured at his hands, and he trembled lest a day of terrible retribution was to ensue. He had awful forebodings of murder, of midnight burnings, of plunder, of wives and daughters fleeing in frenzy before the unbridled lust of the avenging negro. But none of these fears were realized. The emancipated slave hastened to the house of God and there gave utterance to his overflowing soul in hymns of joy and prayers of thankfulness.

Says Professor Hovey, of Amherst College, a witness of unquestioned intelligence and credibility, who visited the islands for the express purpose of investigating the effects of freedom: "The emancipated people, instead of becoming frantic with joy in the possession of their new rights and privileges, and rioting ebullition of ungoverned passion, retired from the places of public devotion to their little tenements without the commission of a single outrage, or the least disorderly conduct. The day was characterized by the stillness and solemnity of the Sabbath, rather than by the noise, and tumult, and intoxication which usually on such occasions disgrace more intelligent and civilized communities." From this impartial witness it appears that this was the unexceptionable appearance of the islands of Antigua and Bermuda through all their parishes.

Says Mr. Gurney, a highly intelligent and benevolent Quaker, from England, who visited the islands six years after the emancipation, to examine the result of most important experiments: "I asked President Crook, of Saint Christopher's island, and some other persons, if there was a single individual on the island who wished for the restoration of Slavery? 'Certainly, not one!' was the reply."

"At Jamaica," says Mr. Gurney, "we had the pleasure of witnessing an interesting spectacle; for the emancipated slaves on the property, with their wives, sons, and daughters, were on that day met at a pick-nick dinner. The table of vast length was spread under a wattled building erected for the purpose, and at the convenient hour of six in the evening, after the day's work was finished, was loaded with all sorts of good fare, soup, fish, fowls, pigs, and joints of meat in abundance. About one hundred men and women of the African race, attired with the greatest neatness, were assembled in much harmony and order to partake of the feast; but no drink was provided stronger than water. It was a sober, substantial repast—the festival of peace and freedom. This dinner was to have taken place on New-Year's day; but it so happened that a Baptist meeting-house in another part of the island, had been destroyed by fire, and, at the suggestion of their minister these honest people agreed to waive their dinner, and to subscribe their money instead, to the rebuilding of their meeting-house. For this purpose they raised a noble sum, I believe considerably above five hundred dollars. And now, in the third month of the year, finding that matters were working well with them, they thought it well to indulge themselves with their social dinner."

This surely is not the picture of a lawless mob, rioting through the land, burning and destroying everything before it. It is, on the contrary, a beautiful picture of a contented peasantry rejoicing, in the possession of their own homes and in the competence which their own virtues and industry have secured.

No. III.

Many fears were expressed, and probably some were seriously entertained, that the removal of the restraints of Slavery would introduce general anarchy; and that the emancipated negroes, refusing all subjection to law, would sweep over the islands in predatory bands, burning the plantations and desolating the country with violence and blood. None of these fears, however, were realized. The act of emancipation filled the hearts of the negroes with gratitude, not with rage. Their love for their own wives and children, and humble homes, inspired them with intense desire to promote public order, and to prove themselves deserving of their restoration to freedom.

Says Professor Hovey—"I hazard nothing in saying that the people of Antigua are as free from any apprehensions of riot or insurrection, as is the most peaceable village in New England. The militia, which was frequently on duty during Slavery, and especially on the Christmas holydays, has not been called out, for the purpose of preserving the public peace, since the day of emancipation."

Now, be it remembered that this is not the unauthorized assertion of an anonymous scribbler, but the careful statement of one of the most honorable and intellectual men of New-England, after visiting the islands in the careful investigation of the results of this great experiment. Twelve years have now passed away since the shackles of Slavery were knocked from these long-fettered limbs, and yet no clamor of war or violence has been heard in those peaceful valleys. These twelve years have passed away in uninterrupted tranquillity and industry. And thus the question is settled, that immediate and unconditional emancipation is *safe.* For this experiment was not tried with a few favored individuals, but with eight hundred thousand slaves. These slaves were as ignorant and degraded as are the slaves in our States. They had been treated with no more kindness, and were no better prepared for freedom than are the same class who toil on the plantations of the South. The American master has been as kind to his slave as was the West Indian, and can with equal safety set him free.

This experiment was not tried upon one island alone, where peculiar circumstances might favor its success, but in nineteen of the slave colonies of the British empire; and in every instance with perfect safety, and to the almost unmingled satisfaction of both master and slave. The danger of insurrection exists only while Slavery exists. Then the smothered passions of the oppressed are ever struggling to break forth. Emancipation dispels this danger. There is no longer a motive for insurrection, and all are equally interested in the public peace.

Another fact established by the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies is, that the emancipated slaves may at once become industrious and thriving laborers, incited by the hope of wages rather than by fear of the whip. It was very loudly declared through all the cities and villages of England, before the passage of the act of emancipation, that the moment the restraints of Slavery were suddered, the negroes, spurning all control, would abandon the plantations, and wander over the face of the land in idleness, and beggary, and vice. It was most confidently asserted, and re-asserted, that the slave, cherishing the idea that *freedom from work* is the choicest privilege of liberty, would reject

was found in hiring them to cultivate the plantations. And it is abundantly proved that under the stimulus of wages, the negro has developed a degree of energy which exceedingly surprised the planters.

Says Professor Hovey—"As one of the greatest evils apprehended from emancipation was, that the negroes *would not work*, I deem it of the utmost importance to say, that on those estates which have conciliating and judicious managers, which give job work in due proportion, there has been no falling off in labor. Such estates were never under better cultivation, and in many cases even with a diminished number of laborers. The wages usually allowed them were the occupancy of the humble dwellings in which they had lived, the right of cultivating a small portion of ground, and about twelve cents a day for their labor. On these terms the emancipated slaves eagerly sought employed. I was repeatedly assured that if the crops should be ever so great they could be taken off without inconvenience, and that no person would hesitate to commence any enterprise, however arduous, from the apprehension that sufficient laborers could not be obtained."

It was formerly found almost impossible to introduce any new implements of husbandry. The slave would proceed in his old and indolent way, rejecting all innovations. The more clumsily and slowly he could perform his work, the better for him. For instance, a gentleman purchased a lot of wheelbarrows, with the intention of having the negroes use them instead of trays, to carry out the manure. But the slaves not fancying these new notions for expediting their unpaid toil, loaded the wheelbarrows, and mounted the whole, tray-fashion, upon their heads. This was then regarded as an indication of their invincible stupidity. But now, inspired with the energies of freemen, they eagerly avail themselves of all the facilities for the speedy and effectual accomplishment of their labors. Freedom seems to have infused a new element of thought and energy into the character of the negro.

"It is generally admitted by the planters," says Professor Hovey, "that the apprentices perform as much work in forty-five hours, as they did formerly during the whole week. It is admitted on all sides that the emancipated slaves are willing, and even desirous to work for pay. In this respect no difference can be perceived between them and white people."

There probably has been no objection more invariably presented against emancipation than the assertion that the slaves, if set free, will starve rather than work. And though the falsity of this sentiment has been demonstrated by the result of the experiment in the West Indies, the assertion still continues unsilenced, and exerts an influence over the minds of the uninformed. After the emancipation there were many slaves, who, for various causes, were not employed on the plantations of their former masters, though the very great majority of them tenaciously remained in their old homes, tilling the fields, as hired laborers, with which they had been familiar from infancy.

"Let it not be imagined," says Mr. Buxton, "that the negroes who are not working on the estates of their old masters are on that account idle. Even these are in general busily employed in cultivating their own grounds in various descriptions of handicraft, in lime burning, or fishing, in benefiting themselves and the community through some new but equally desired medium. Besides all this, stone walls are built, new houses are erected, pastures cleaned, ditches dug, meadows drained, roads made and Macadamized, stores fitted up, villages formed, and other beneficial operations effected, the whole of which, before emancipation, it would have been a folly even to attempt. The old notion, that the negro is, by constitution, a lazy creature, who will do no work at all except by compulsion, is now forever exploded."

The one simple fact, however, which precludes the necessity of all farther testimony upon this point, is the ever-memorable one stated by Mr. Gurney, that "in the sixth year of freedom, after a fair trial of five years, the exports of sugar from Antigua almost doubled the average of the last five years of Slavery. By what hands was this vast crop raised and realized? By the hands of that lazy and impracticable race, as they have often been described, the negroes. And under what stimulus has the work been effected? Solely under that of moderate wages." Thus it is conclusively established that the emancipated slaves, under the influence of wages, may immediately become industrious and thriving laborers.

No. IV.

A third fact established by West Indian Emancipation is, that the negroes are abundantly capable of taking care of themselves.

It was generally predicted that the slaves unaccustomed to any prudence or foresight, would be quite unable to make any suitable provision for the support of their families or themselves, and that inconceivable poverty and suffering would be the consequence of casting them upon their own resources. It was confidently affirmed that the slaves, being mere children in character, must perish of starvation if freed from the paternal authority and care of their masters. But all these fears are now dispelled forever. The characteristic improvidence of the slave was the necessary consequence of his condition, and the change in his condition has produced a corresponding change in his character.

Says Rev. Mr. Cadman, a clergyman residing in the West Indies, "the change for the better in the dress, demeanor, and welfare of the people is *prodigious*.

Mr. Gurney mentions a fact beautifully illustrative of the shrewd calculations and consequent thrift of the emancipated. "A female proprietor, who had become embarrassed, was advised to sell off part of her property in small lots to suit purchasers. The experiment answered her warmest expectations. The laborers, in the neighborhood, bought up all the little freeholds with extreme eagerness, made their payments faithfully, and lost no time in settling on the spots which they had purchased. They soon framed their houses, and brought their gardens into useful cultivation with yams, bananas, plantains, pine apples, and other fruits and vegetables, including plots of sugar cane. In this way Augusta and Liberty sprung up, as if by magic. I visited several of the cottages in company with the Rector of the parish, and was surprised by the excellence of the buildings, as well as by the neat furniture and cleanly little articles of daily use which we found within. It was a scene of contentment and happiness, and I may certainly add of industry; for these little freeholders occupied only their leisure hours in working on their own grounds."

Now this is not theory—the expression of opinion alone. It is the statement of facts by an unimpeachable witness. Such is the result of the actual experiment of emancipation. These scenes of industry and happiness, testified to by various and independent witnesses, and exhibiting the social condition of the emancipated slaves, several years after their emancipation, prove that we need suffer no apprehension that the freed negro will starve rather than work. He is either wicked or inexcusably uninformed who now repeats the assertion that the negroes, if emancipated, will be entirely incapable of taking care of themselves.

Another interesting scene illustrative of the industry and the foresight of these newly made freemen, is thus described by Mr. Gurney: "A wonderful scene we witnessed on Sabbath morning, in the Baptist church. The minister was so obliging as to invite us to hold our meeting with his flock, after the manner of Friends. Such a flock we had not before seen, consisting of nearly three thousand black people, chiefly emancipated slaves, attired after their favorite custom, with neat white raiment, and most respectable and orderly in their demeanor and appearance. They appeared both to understand and to appreciate the doctrines of divine truth preached on the occasion. The congregation is greatly increased, both in numbers and respectability, since the date of full freedom. They now entirely support the mission, and are enlarging their chapel at an expense of five thousand dollars."

It is well for the mind to pause and ponder upon such statements as these. For this is a witness whose credibility is unimpeachable. His testimony is corroborated by that of many others. His opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts respecting which he testifies, was as perfect as could possibly be enjoyed. He was guided in visiting these scenes by many of those planters who *were* energetically opposed to the measures of emancipation, but who, from the practical operation of the measure, had become warm advocates of its wisdom. And he testifies to the condition of things upon the Islands six years after all the restraints of Slavery had been removed.

Again, says Mr. Gurney, "we spent several hours at Sligoville. This property is divided into one hundred and fifty freehold lots, fifty of which had been already sold to the emancipated laborers who had been driven by hard usage from their former homes. Some of them had built good cottages, others [illegible] preparing the ground for build[illegible] or in process of [illegible]

brought into fine cultivation. Not a hoe, I believe, had ever been driven into that land before. Now a village had risen up with every promise of comfort and prosperity, and the land was likely to produce a vast abundance of nutritious food. The people settled there were all married, mostly with families, and the men employed the bulk of their time in working for wages on the neighboring estates. The chapel and the school were immediately at hand, and the religious character of the people stood high. Never did I witness a scene of greater industry or one more marked by contentment for the present or hope for the future."

The assertion has been made ten thousand times, and in every conceivable form of language, that the slaves, if emancipated, would be utterly incapable of supporting themselves. But these results of the experiment in the West Indies has demonstrated that the slaves may be employed as hired laborers, and that thus employed they can make a far better provision for their own wants than their masters ordinarily make for them. We might quote volumes in corroboration of this point. In almost every particular the condition of the slave has been ameliorated by emancipation. Sacred marriage has taken the place of the most debasing concubinage. Home has been surrounded with many and new charms. The Sabbath has been honored as never before. The institutions of religion have been sustained with new interest, and every Sabbath the churches are thronged with orderly, well-dressed and devout worshippers. The Sabbath school and the day school are gathering the children together from all the plantations, and rearing them under the guidance of intellectual and spiritual knowledge. And though there is still much to be done, in elevating a fallen race from the oppression and degradation of ages, the emancipated negro has proved, to the satisfaction of every observer, that he takes infinitely better care of himself and his family than his former task-masters ever took for him. And no well-informed man will ever again venture to say that the slaves are incapable of being employed as hired laborers. This popular support of the institution of Slavery is destroyed forever. The result of emancipation in the West Indies has been to elevate immeasurably the condition of the negro. He lives in a better dwelling. He wears better clothing. He eats better food. His children are better educated, and his family enjoy to a vastly higher degree all those influences which tend to purify and ennoble human character.

THOSE FEATHERS.

We lately received a present of two or three pounds of very nice feathers. There is nothing very remarkable in this fact, but the way they happened to be in our possession is rather curious. Stephen and Abby Foster had made an appointment at Chagrin Falls. The friends there were about making preparations to send for them, and in order that the labor and expense might not all rest on one individual, it was agreed to ascertain what each person present at the time the matter was talked of, would be willing to contribute. Several had mentioned what they would be willing to do, when a merchant by the name of Williams, a *respectable* man so-called, and as we were informed, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, being asked what he would give, replied, "Two pounds of feathers," and another said "I'll give a quart of tar." The meeting was held; a good one it was; disappointing no doubt the expectations of sundry mobocrats. The circumstance above related was spoken of in Abby Foster's presence, who requested one of her friends to call on Williams and get the feathers. The individual called, but Williams refused to deliver them without an order from her. The order was given and the feathers delivered. We have them now in our possession, and shall make a very different, and much better use of them, than we suppose the donor intended to have them applied to, when he offered to furnish two pounds of feathers, and his kindred spirit kept him in countenance by the proffer of a quart of tar.—*Bugle.*

From the Tribune.

ABHORRED BE WAR!

The humane, reflecting reader of man's history, is sickened by the constantly-recurring details of battles and butchery—by accounts of the happiness sacrificed, the privations endured, by thousands after thousands, in gathering from remote corners of the earth to maim and slaughter each other. Mere depravity, however great, is not enough to account for this; no devils could be found silly enough thus to torture themselves first, then one another. Sheer madness is the very least explanation that is adequate.

Looking closely and steadily at the matter, we detect the cause of this horrible jangle, or at least a sure clue to it. *War ravages nations, afflicts and destroys people, but strengthens Governments, exalts rulers, and enables them to enrich their favorites with the spoil of plundered millions.* The lodging of the Commissary or Contractor is rapidly transformed into a baronial castle; his suddenly acquired estate is fattened with the gore of countless soldiers, the tears of innumerable widows and orphans; and, while thousands are shivering and freezing for want of the humble dwellings which war has destroyed, *his* family rest secure in lordly halls, and roll in luxury. Burke, we believe, said of this class, that by means of war, "their equipages shine like meteors; their palaces rise like exhalations." Well can *they* afford to prate of patriotism, "right or wrong," and bribe venal orators with some share of their plunder to inflame the passions of the duped multitudes, and fool them into enlisting to be shot at for some beggarly shilling or two a day, and that often unpaid. Will the mass never become wise enough to detect and scout this swindling game of murder?

Suppose a Government to be weak or profligate—a cause by no means unsupposable—and, therefore, in danger of incurring popular odium or contempt. It desires to be strong in the public confidence, but without the virtue or the capacity to deserve that confidence. It has one unfailing resort—to pick a quarrel with some other Government. *That* at once withdraws public attention from its own crimes or vices; gives it a hold on the popular feelings; enables its satellites to call upon all the people to "support the country"—that is, to rally around and uphold the Executive in whatever he may propose. All inquiry is stopped—all watchfulness set aside—appropriations are made by millions, and the purse and sword put unreservedly into the hands of the Chief Magistrate, to be wielded at his pleasure—the latter against his enemies, the former in behalf of his friends. All who question the policy or the justice of his course are at once denounced as traitors and enemies of the country. Thus thousands are bribed by office and gold to cry up the war; all murmurs are stifled as treasonable; and when, at last, disaster or utter exhaustion of resources compels a return to peace, a countless host of pensioners, cripples, placemen, and fund-holders are provided to eat up the avails of honest labor, for fifty or a hundred years to come. The poor man's children must go to rest hungry, and grow up in ignorance, in order that the favorites of rulers may glitter in "orders," and stars, and riot on the spoils of a people. Such is war. Such is a small portion of the cost of the infamous cheat styled glory.

Of all wars ever fomented, we remember none more nefarious in its origin, more wanton and atrocious, than that in which we are now plunged by our rulers, and the land-jobbers and slave-jobbers, whose money, exertions, and lies, have made those instruments of their cupidity our rulers. The bloody villiany of some wars was measurably redeemed by the daring evinced in commencing them; but this war is as cowardly as it is wicked. A wealthy, enlightened, and powerful Republic of twenty millions of people is attempting to humble and despoil an ignorant, enfeebled, distracted nation of seven millions, and these in good part semi-barbarous aborigines of this Continent! The giant who should beat a cripple would be a hero in comparison.

Just think of the pretexts of this war, of which the cry of injuries unredressed is the most specious, though utterly deceitful. Mexico owes certain present or former citizens of the United States several millions, for property illegally taken or destroyed within her borders. The claimants went to Mexico to trade or manufacture, and, in the military commotions there so frequent, their property has been unjustly confiscated or destroyed. Although the Mexican nation did not authorize this spoliation, it is fairly bound to make it good, just as Massachusetts ought to pay for the Convent, and Philadelphia for the churches, that fell a prey to mob violence within their borders. Mexico does not dispute the justice of the claim; on the contrary, she has fully admitted it, adjusted the amount, paid part of it, and was going on to pay the residue, when we broke up our friendly relations by uniting our destinies with those of the Texans, a people with whom she was openly at war. She fairly and seasonably warned us that she should consider such Annexation an act of war; our own leading statesmen, of all parties, gave us like warning. But we rushed on to annex, in defiance of every warning, and not only took Texas, but claimed a great deal with it which never belonged to Texas. Thus wronged and menaced, Mexico withdrew her Minister, and stopped paying the instalments due us. She ought surely to pay; but shall we, while several of our States openly repudiate their public debts, and refuse to make provision even for paying the interest—while even our General Government refuses to pay our own plundered citizens the very sums due them for old French spoliations, assumed by the Federal Government, in the Louisiana Treaty, more than forty years ago—shall we butcher Mexicans because their bankrupt Government has not paid us in full for spoliations committed within the last dozen years?

The refusal to receive Mr. Slidell is another false pretext for this war. Mexico only consented to receive a special Commissioner to attempt an adjustment of the Texas business, having withdrawn her own Minister from Washington on the triumph of Annexation, considering it as an act of war, and formally terminated all regular diplomatic intercourse with us. But we sent her a regular Plenipotentiary instead of a special Commissioner, and insisted on opening negotiations generally, which she refused to do. So Mr. Slidell was not received. Let those who have been led to believe that we ought to go to war for this only, consider that the letter of our own Consul at Mexico, giving the confidential reasons of the Mexican Government, (Herrera's,) in December last, for regretting the unexpected appearance of Mr. Slidell there, and wishing him recalled, or his progress to the Capital delayed, *was not published by The Union*, with the other documents transmitted by the President, but suppressed, and a meagre, partial synopsis given instead! Is not here evidence of conscious guilt? When our Government sent Mr. Cushing out to China to make a Treaty, he was invested with two commissions, one as a regular Minister Plenipotentiary, the other as a special Commissioner, of which he was to use either, as circumstances should dictate. He used the latter only. Our Government desired peace with China; had it desired a just peace with Mexico only, it would have done likewise in Mr. Slidell's case. Being bent on war, it took an opposite course.

As to the pretence that Texas rightfully extends to the Rio Grande, the man who sets it up would take any pocket-book that he thought he could keep by fair or foul means. Texas never had jurisdiction over one foot of land watered by the Rio Grande or its tributaries; no single individual living on the waters of that river ever participated in, or openly sympathized with the Texan revolt; there never was an election held, nor a writ served, under the authority of Texas, on the waters of that river, from the Rocky mountains to the Gulf. San Isabel, and the spot occupied by Gen. Taylor's troops opposite Matamoros, were just as much Mexican territory at all times up to our military occupation of them, as Vera Cruz or Matamoros. Our officers on the spot have written home letters, speaking of their encampment in *the heart of the Mexican province of Tamaulipas*—and marveling at the meekness of the Mexicans in allowing us to drive them before us over the Rio Grande, plant our cannon in battery opposite that city, and cut up their plantations with our entrenchments and fortresses.* When our army crossed the Colorado, the Mexican chief, Col. Canales, warned them to desist—that they were invading Mexican territory, and that he should fire on them if they advanced farther. They, obeying orders, advanced, and he retreated without firing. San Isabel was fired by the Mexicans at Gen. Taylor's approach. Finally, after every other provocation had been tried, our fleet blockaded the mouth of the Rio Grande, cutting off the supplies of the Mexican army, and compelling them to fight or starve. The issue has been war, as was expected and desired.

Every few years, in time of profound peace, some respectable old person—woman, we had nearly said, but we have a regard for old women—goes round the country getting this eminent Statesman, that gallant General, and various dignitaries of all sizes, to sign a paper, setting forth their condemnation of war. This is published in the newspapers, and good, easy souls exult at the prospect thus afforded of a hastening millennium. The next thing we know, war comes along; and those valiant friends of peace are all as dumb as oysters! But the world shall realize that there *are* friends of peace who dare be faithful to their cause, in defiance of whole Parks-full of patriotic Rhynderses and Slamms. Should such prove few, (which we do not believe,) the more shame to those whose craven silence or outright desertion makes them so.

* Extract of a letter from an officer in our army, to the *Spirit of the Times*, dated

"CAMP, opposite Matamoros, April 19, 1846.

"Our situation here is an extraordinary one. *Right in the enemy's country, actually occupying their corn and cotton fields, the people of the soil leaving their homes*, and we, with a small handful of men, marching with colors flying, and drums beating, right under the very guns of one of their principal cities, displaying the star-spangled banner *as if in defiance*, under their very nose, and they with an army twice our size, *at least*, sit quietly down, and make not the least resistance, not the first effort to drive the invaders off. There is no parallel to it.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

The American people do not believe it possible that their Government contemplates a wild scheme of conquest in regard to Mexico. And yet such is its deliberate purpose. The Administration is occupied with the details of a campaign which has for its object the invasion and conquest of Mexico! Such an abuse of Executive authority, such a perversion of power of the Government, and such a perilling of the welfare of the people and safety of their institutions, has no example or precedent. No former Administration has so far departed from its duties and the policy of the country. We have had much of misgovernment—much of usurpation—much of profligacy; but the Government has never before swung entirely from its moorings. We have on no former occasion been afloat upon a sea of conquest. It is our first attempt to imitate the grasping monarchies of Europe. But the lust for territory is now seeking to satiate itself by violence. In the better days of the Republic, we purchased Louisiana and Florida. Under the fallen reign of Tyler, we obtained Texas by less creditable means. And now, utterly lost to principles and precepts of patriots by whom this peaceful Republic was planted, we are marshalling our army for foreign conquests!

We have seen the origin, rise, and progress of our Republic. The great experiment of free Government worked well, for the most part, during half a century. It is now, unless the people interpose and arrest the mad career of their rulers, about to DECLINE! From the day that our army marches for the "Halls of Montezuma," may the downfall of this Republic be dated; for from that day will the occupation, habits, nature, and passions of our people be changed. War is a disease. Its spirit is contagious. When a nation becomes involved in aggressive wars, the pursuits of peace are abandoned, its interests paralyzed, and its fruits perish. Only a brief season of war, such as that now in contemplation, would be required to render Shakspeare's description of France applicable to America:—

"Let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned, dies: her hedges even—pleach'd,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with her hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, our children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And everything that seems unnatural."

From the True American.

TO THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE.

GENTLEMEN:—We are not so green as to appeal to you as *men*. Seeing, that you are the sons of world-wide renowned sires,—that you have, in times past, boasted of being the "cradle of liberty," that your eyes rest daily upon some field of brave deeds, some monument of illustrious achievement,—and that you are not moved by the least remorse of honorable shame, we dare not flatter ourselves, that obscure and trampled upon as we are, anything which we might say, would at all revive a sentiment of returning honor! We do not ask your sympathy for the eight millions of our suffering fellow-citizens, borne down with the unheard-of oppressions of Slavery; for, when your own Massachusetts men are thrown, without crime, into Southern prisons, and sold into lifelong Slavery, and your hoary and venerable ambassador brutally expelled from the slave-border, contrary to the United States Constitution, the laws of nations, and of nature; and no sense of wrong is felt at this, we know our case cannot touch you!

We do not ask you to feel that you owe something to us, as bound in a common union, and a common destiny, and entitled to the common rights of humanity,—for seeing that you mock at the idea of oppression, so long as you can buy and sell, and your own bodies are not touched with material stripes, we do not expect you to appreciate the sublime words of your own Channing:—"The liberty of *ordinary politicians*, which protects men's outward rights, and removes restraints from the pursuit of property, and onward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived and was ready to die." The tyranny he hated most was that which broke the intellectual and *moral* power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed was, that *they fettered the mind.*

Neither do we expect you to be influenced by the repeated, many declarations of Massachusetts, that she never would submit to the Texas usurpation, the unconstitutional expansion of the slave-power, and unequal representation; for seeing that this noble stand which she had assumed, as the leader of the friends of free institutions, put "*no money in her purse*," we did not expect you to debar yourself of the possibility of tasting some of the crumbs which fall from the slaveholder's table, which are distributed to those only who "bend the supple hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning!" Oh, no! we are not such an overt ass as to do any such thing as this! We read you at once; and therefore we come straight at you.

You know no God but *money!* You say, if we talk like *men*, the South will not like us; the South is the source of power, and the South wants *slaves*, not *men*. If we displease the South, she will withdraw from us all hopes of executive patronage, and federal promotion: she will destroy the tariff, and make war upon our banks! Now, with due deference, we think your reasoning as *false* as it is *base*. The South will say, these Massachusetts men are not to be trusted; they have desecrated the names of their *own* great Dead, they will not be true to us, the living! We will not *buy them*, they are all already ours; we must save our money to purchase the *intractable*, these Massachusetts men are already contemptibly *tame!*

Who have ever warred upon your tariff? The South! Who, upon your moneyed institutions? The South! If they conquered you when you were *men*, will they not spit upon you when you are *slaves?* Senators! [The North are 10,000,000, the *reliable* South 1,000,000.] The slaveholders are about 350,000; *they* and those interested in tyranny, 1,000,000,—*we* are near 18,000,000! Think of that! You begin to melt! Ah! you feel the fervid eloquence of our language! Go, next year, and pass Mr. Wilson's resolution! YES, YOU WILL!

From the Norfolk County [Dedham, Mass.] American.

ABOUT WAR—OF COURSE.

The leading article of this paper was written on Tuesday last. We deem it proper to state this fact, because similar opinions have appeared in other papers, since that time; and the New-York Tribune, in assuming, for the occasion, the justice of the Annexation of Texas, as we have done, might possibly lead to the supposition that there had been plagiarism, somewhere.

Had not our article extended to such great length, considering the dimensions of this paper, it was our purpose to have enquired if those who voted for the "army bill"—even if they had been able to escape the guilt of its lying preamble, by a system of mental reservation—did not make themselves partakers and parties to the iniquity of the entire transaction, from the commencement of the plot for the Annexation, to its final consummation in war upon Mexico. Years ago, it was announced, from one end of the country to the other, that the annexation of Texas, by such means as were then proposed—(and which have since been applied)—would involve the country in war, and in a war, too, in which our part would be the part of injustice, and our cause would be the cause of Slavery. This last resort—the bloody strife of contending armies—was the worst that was, the worst that could have been apprehended; and if the Democrats—the enemies of Liberty, and the abhorred instruments of Slavery—had been assured that, when that trial should come, the Whigs—the pretended friends of Justice and Liberty—would unite with them, and support them—ardently, eagerly support them, with the lives and treasures of the whole country—what more could they have asked? what more could they have desired? Supposing, for example, that when the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop had finished one of his graceful orations, a year ago, against the crimes and iniquities of the whole scheme of Annexation, concluding with the prophecy that war—disgraceful, unjust, unholy war—would be the inevitable result, a Southern slave-master had arisen, and said: "I know, Mr. Winthrop, that war will be the result; but it will be a war to which you will be one of the first and foremost to give your assent. You will eagerly rush to our standard, declaring that it is the standard of your country; you will be one of the most ready to send thousands of your countrymen to perish in the deadly strife; you will help to tear open the treasure-house of the Union, and drag forth its accumulated wealth, to speed the murderous car, as it shall sweep on in its bloody course, over villages and cities, and crushing at every step the guiltless victims of American wrong. We shall have you with us, when that dread hour comes; you will partake of our guilt, then, if it shall be guilt—of our renown, if it shall be renown" We are not aware that any such language was ever addressed to Mr. Winthrop, but we are fully aware that it *might* have been addressed to him, with the utmost propriety, and with perfect truth.

Mr Winthrop is a lawyer, and he knows that, if he were to stand beside the burglar, while the latter should be engaged in his work of breaking into a house, and should use all his powers of oratory to divert him from his criminal purpose, and, afterwards, should either join him or encourage him in committing a robbery, he would not only be guilty himself, of the robbery, but of the *breaking*, also. The same principle applies, we apprehend, in this matter of the Mexican war. Those who aid or abet, in any manner, the invasion and despoilation of Mexico—(the Whigs unite in according the territory between the Nueces and Rio Del Norte, to Mexico)—are *particeps criminus* in the whole plot of Annexation, which has just reached its culminating point, under the walls of Matamoros. It was the fear of consequences—not principle—we apprehend, which induced the Whigs to crimson their fingers in this bloody work. We rejoice that we have had no hand in the matter, by ourselves or our distinguished Representative. We regret, also, to state that the despoilers of Mexico can find no stronger support for their acts than may be derived from the doctrines advanced by Mr. Adams, in the Oregon debate. We are glad, again, that the National Intelligencer has had the courage to address the Whig-supporters of the war in the following ominously prophetic language:—"Too late they will find their error, and we shall live to see the day when they will deeply regret having suffered themselves to be deluded in the manner in which they have been."

The Boston sixpenny-papers do not appear to have any opinions, worth mentioning. The Atlas, of Monday, in answer to the New-York Courier, seemed to take the right ground, with considerable firmness; but, on Wednesday, it seemed to covet a portion of the honor of laying Matamoros *in ashes*. The Times and Post are heroic in their endorsal of rascality: while the Mail has been so much limbered, by the exciting news, as to say that it has confidence in the *sagacity* of Polk. Oh, Moses!

THE MASSACHUSETTS RESOLUTION.

Since our last, the Senate has rejected the resolution of Mr. Wilson by a small majority. This conduct on their part does not alter our opinion of Massachusetts; we believe her *people* are right, and not yet degenerate sons of glorious sires.

Does the Senate, in its affected regard for Southern rights, forget, that in refusing us their countenance, they are assisting in oppressing nearly eight millions of men? Are all their sympathies with the slaveholder? Are they so in love with tyranny, as not to see our wounds, and hear our cries? Or is there something worse behind the scene? Is the great popular party of this Union to be told outright, that the *tariff* and *cotton*-spinning are to be purchased by the sacrifice of the *liberties* of the country?

Let these men beware, lest they push our endurance to the quick! We have heretofore held to the "*conservative*" course through all its trials; there are thousands like us, who have done so through hope of a returning sense of justice and mercy in the capitalists of this country. But if the *capital* of the North has taken its ground of a *firm alliance with the slave despotism of the South*, we say, with language laden with the groans and sufferings of millions—*beware!*

This material temple of a nation's embodiment, we aspire to see eminently decked out in all the tasteful and luxurious adornment of which the genius of man is capable; but if all this is to be done only by the crushed affections, the stifled aspirations, the bezgared bodies, and the brutified souls of the laboring millions, we say—no!—*no! never!—Boston Sun.*

From the Lexington [Va.] Gazette, April 30.

GREAT SLAVE CASE.

This case, which has so long been litigated, and in which so many eminent counsels have been at various times employed, was brought to a close, at the late term of the Circuit Superior Court, in this county.

This cause was commenced in the county of Montgomery, in April, 1826. It was twice tried in that county, and the jury failing to agree, the venue was changed, and subsequently tried, with similar results, in Smythe, Giles, and Roanoke—and the sixth trial was in this county. The leading facts are as follows:

Flora, (the ancestress of the slaves,) and her two female children, Eunice and Sena, were imported into Virginia from New-York, in 1784.

In 1782, Flora was the property of Benjamin Scott, of Suffield, Ct. In that year, she married a servant named Exeter, of Southwick, Mass.; and as was contended and proved by testimony which was assailed, was permitted by her master to reside in Massachusetts for a short time with her husband. In 1783, Flora and her two children were found in New-York, the plaintiffs alleging that they were kidnapped and carried from Massachusetts to New-York, and there sold as slaves.

In May, 1784, a man by the name of Stephens fled from his creditors, in New-York, and came to Montgomery county, Va. He returned to New-York in September of the same year, accompanied by James Simpkins; and in September, it was contended by defendants, that Stephens purchased Flora and her two children in New-York, and being a citizen of said State, and removing with his family and Flora into Virginia, that he had a right to import slaves into the Commonwealth; and that the jury ought to presume from the great lapse of time, that he complied with the requirements of the law of 1778 on that subject. The plaintiffs contended that she was purchased, and moved by Simpkins, a citizen of Virginia, and therefore in violation of said act. The testimony was contradictory throughout, and the battle was fought mainly on the ground of the weight of testimony.

The plaintiffs claimed their right to freedom on the following grounds:

1. That Flora, the ancestress of all the plaintiffs, was emancipated in Connecticut, previous to 1784.

2. That Flora was permitted by her master in Connecticut, to marry a citizen of Massachusetts, and to remove and reside with her husband in said State, and

3. That she was brought into Virginia, in violation of the act of 1778.

The trial of the case occupied four days, and it was argued with great ability and eloquence, by James Garland, J. L. Woodville, J. T. Anderson, and I. F. Anderson, Esqs, for the plaintiffs; A. H. H. Stuart, T. J. Michie, C. P. Dorman, and W. Boyd, Esqs. for defendants.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1846.

The New England Convention.

We have often taken occasion to remark, that this annual gathering of the friends of our holy cause was unique in its character. The Convention which has just closed has not been deficient in adding its proper proportion of evidence to support our opinion. The heart of the sturdy old Bay State showed that it had warm blood in it still, and Faneuil Hall throbbed with more than its ancient enthusiasm and devotion.

The position of the Anti-Slavery Society, in advance of the public sentiment, which it is striving to regenerate, must always be an unpopular one. As it is truly, what the Church ought to be, the conscience of the community, it must necessarily be far in front of that community in principle, and constant in rebuking it for its laggard appreciation and performance of duty. It is always inconveniently meddling with the world's bosom sin, and, even if the world be at last reluctantly dragged into a concession of the truth of its conclusions, she still hates the immitigable monitor which disturbed her repose, and interfered with her iniquitous profit. When the world is at last shamed out of one of her myriad impieties, and is quietly composing herself to rest in another, the cruel conscience is still beforehand with her, turning the down of that also into stinging thorns, and she is forced to learn that, though there are a thousand ways to the temple of Mammon, a dreadful shadow motions her back from all, and leaves only open that one narrow path which leads to the altar of the true God.

It is not in the nature of things that our cause should be popular. In a Pagan world how should Christ be other than persecuted? It is by the red glare of the martyr's fagot that we trace the sad prints of those bleeding feet down from the mount of Calvary—seeking a resting-place at the door of each succeeding generation, and driven harshly away from all. Yes, even at the haughty gates of the Church itself we see them denied in entrance—that Church, which, like the old crusaders, wears the cross upon its garments but not upon its heart, and which guards reverently, and hallows with incense and anthem the empty sepulchre, whence the body of the Lord hath long since arisen.

Every new anniversary finds the Society in opposition to some new popular prejudice. This year the slaveholding raid upon Mexico occupied a prominent place in the business of the Convention, and the Society was brought into conflict with that subtlest invention of the arch enemy of mankind, for impeding the progress of peace and good will to man—patriotism. It is by means of this that wicked and selfish rulers contrive to make the people of two nations, whose interests are identical, enemies of each other, and greater lovers of certain imaginary personifications of territory, or pieces of striped bunting, than of justice, freedom, and humanity. To denounce war in Christian communities is considered merely a piece of harmless amusement on the part of innocent visionaries, and the pleasure may be enjoyed quietly by any respectable peace society, without disturbing the equanimity of the public. But to come out boldly and declare a war, entered into, (with considerable hope of easy plunder,) by one's own country, as traitorous to all faith, honor, and justice, is quite another thing. The love of their country appears to burn most brightly in the bosoms of those questionable characters, whom all respectable citizens would be glad to see out of it, and, if they apply only that half of the text which suits their purpose, and display the "wisdom of the serpent," in hissing all who had rather see their country prosper in righteousness than in wealth, what nearer adhesion to Scripture could be expected?

The unsparing language, and unflinching testimony of the speakers during the sessions of the Convention, called forth frequent expressions of disapprobation on the part of the rabble who filled the outskirts of the hall, but the far greater part of the audience listened with an interest and attention, such as we have never witnessed before in an anti-slavery meeting in Boston. Every year sees the Convention more crowded, and on the last day of the present meeting Faneuil Hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The people have begun to understand that great ideas and truths were in circulation above their heads, of which they were as unconscious as are the inhabitants of those houses over which the wires of the magnetic telegraph pass, of the messages flitting to and fro on that electric mail-route. The Convention was not announced by any of the leading newspapers of the city, and was noticed only by one, and that in terms of derision, yet multitudes came, and were attentive listeners to the end.

Indeed, it would have been a strange thing if such speakers as could be heard there had not attracted crowds of hearers. Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, Abby Kelley Foster, S. S. Foster, C. C. Burleigh, Parker Pillsbury, W. H. Channing, W. A. White, C. L. Remond, Loring Moody, Samuel May, T. T. Stone, Caleb Stetson, and those venerable friends of the cause, Seth Sprague, Father Henry, and Isaac T. Hopper,—the names alone of these would be enough to insure such eloquence and loftiness of moral sentiment as can be found nowhere else. But, beside these, Theodore Parker, of Boston, came forward on the Anti Slavery platform for the first time, and made a noble speech. Mary Grew, also, of Philadelphia, now first gratified the Boston friends with the sound of her voice, in an eloquent and earnest plea in favor of using the products of free labor alone. It may be well to state, for the benefit of those who would deny women the right of public speaking, that the audience was particularly attentive and interested during the addresses of the female speakers.

The Convention passed strong and earnest resolutions, condemning the Mexican war, and the cowardly proclamation of Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, and setting forth the duty of Abolitionists in regard to the present crisis. The friends present pledged themselves solemnly, not to countenance, in any way, the wicked measures of the Government, but to resist them by every peaceable means. We may consider this meeting as an era in the history of the cause. Extraneous circumstances, not connected with Slavery, have just now brought many into unison with the feelings of the Society in regard to the Mexican war, and it cannot be doubted, that in the minds of many such, our arguments and appeals will sow the seed of new and broader principles. One thing, at least, is certain, that every event, however it may at first appear, must help onward the cause of truth, and hasten the day of judgment for evil. For us there is no such word as unfortunate.

A full report of the three days sittings will doubtless appear in the Liberator, and we can only add, that we never attended a meeting so encouraging. As a proof that some dread was excited in the minds of the "constituted authorities," we may state that the use of the Hall was denied on the last evening of the Convention. The meetings of the first day and evening were held in Faneuil Hall, those of the second day at the Melodeon, and those of the last at Faneuil Hall again. When we began this article, we had contemplated giving a full account of the proceedings of the Convention, but, with the excitement of it still vibrating in us, and its eloquence still ringing in our ears, we found it to be impossible. When we think upon such a gathering of noble spirits, all description seems to fail us, and when we should be, if ever, inspired, we are forced to be tame and incomplete.—L.

The present Crisis—The New England Anti-Slavery Convention—Speeches and Acts of the Members and Friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

That man has lost one of life's most inspiring hours who did not participate with the American Abolitionists, in this great Convention.

Every scene of it, during the whole three days' session, was one of the deepest interest. The attendance was overwhelmingly numerous. Men and women were there who had travelled thousands of miles, from all parts of the free States, to assist at this great gathering of the faithful-hearted. No words can do justice to the finely-tempered zeal and energy, the dutiful fidelity to righteous principle, and the indescribable calm intensity which marked all the proceedings. The appearance of Faneuil Hall, presenting, from the ceiling to the centre, a

whose act and end will rank him among the martyrs of the last reformation, and place Maryland on the page of history, by the side of Alva, and Jeffries, with Smithfield and the Inquisition.

Whereas, the Constitution of the United States of America has been trampled under foot by the slave-power, and the bond of Union between these States broken in fragments; and

Whereas, we are, therefore, not under a legal Government, but a lawless oligarchy of slaveholders and their vassals; and

Whereas, these usurpers have plunged this nation into a most atrocious war, by as atrocious means—a war of endless aggression for the unlimited establishment of Slavery—means, which violate constitutional restrictions and the obligations and decencies of international law; and

Whereas, finally, the Governor of Massachusetts, in utter disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated declarations of its will, and his own unequivocal confessions of justice and duty, has dared to summon Massachusetts freemen to fight the battles of the slaveholding dynasty; therefore,

Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts, do here and now deliberately assert, that there is no longer a Union of these States, a National Constitution, a National Executive; that no citizen of these States is under any kind of obligation of patriotism or of honor, to aid this act of unparalleled outrage upon a sister Republic; that a participation in this war is an act of conspiracy with lawless marauders and murderers, against this nation; and that we announce for ourselves, and recommend to our fellow-citizens, the adoption of these three measures of PEACEFUL REVOLUTION, as alone suitable to the present crisis:

I. Individually and collectively, to pledge ourselves in no way to countenance, encourage, or aid this inhuman and impious robbery of Mexico.

II. Individually and collectively, to pledge our contributions to support the families of those who, being drafted in this war, refuse to serve, taking the penalty.

III. To meet in primary assemblies of the people, and in County, State and General Conventions to the end of re-establishing this prostrate Republic; of forming a new bond of Union, which shall be a union of freemen, and of Freemen only; of adopting a new Constitution—which shall be founded upon principles of universal justice—and fitted in all its Articles to secure the rights of every citizen to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and thus of organizing this people into the nation which God in his Providence designed us to be, a NATION OF UNITED FREEMEN.

Resolved, That while we lament over the awful fact, that one-sixth portion of our fellow-countrymen are still pining in slavery among us, we are filled with the spirit of rejoicing and hope in the remembrance of the emancipation of EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND SLAVES in the West India Islands, who have nobly vindicated their claim to be regarded as men and brethren since their liberation, by their good conduct, and moral and educational improvement,—and girding ourselves afresh for the great revolutionary conflict which is before us, we will press onward till the last chain is broken, the last slave is set free, and the song of jubilee is heard throughout our borders.

Whereas, from the foundation of the Federal Government both the slave population and the nominally free people of color have been oppressed most cruelly, and deprived of their civil, moral, and religious rights most wrongfully—patriotism and virtue in them being under the ban of public sentiment, and they being treated worse than aliens, and not allowed to have a country; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention recommend to the nominally free people of color throughout the free States, to hold simultaneous meetings, and resolve at the present time, that they will not in any instance as heretofore take up arms in defence of the country, until freedom shall be given the slaves in the South, and their own rights recognized in the North.

Resolved, That we rejoice to hear that the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have been so fortunate as to secure the services of several efficient friends of the cause and of names well known not only for their interest in the cause of reform, but for eminence in the republic of letters to aid in the columns of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard"—and we pledge ourselves to co operate with them in extending its circulation, and widening its sphere of influence.

Resolved, That this Convention hails with satisfaction the purpose of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, and the Managers of the Rural Fair, to unite in celebrating the 4th of July at Dedham, in the service of the anti-slavery cause, and warmly urges the presence and co-operation of all the friends of emancipation, in this effort to supply Massachusetts with lecturers.

Resolved, That we rejoice to hear the cordial invitation extended to our noble brother, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, to visit Scotland during the ensuing summer, hailing it as cheering evidence how gloriously his character and self-devotion have triumphed over the continued efforts of so many and such virulent enemies to misrepresent his position and blacken his fair fame; and we hope that his sense of duty and his various engagements will permit him to add his voice to those of other friends now abroad in rousing Scotland to her duty, and persuading or compelling the Free Church to "*Send back the money.*"

Resolved, That we desire to make our voices heard across the Atlantic, when we attempt to thank our noble brothers in this enterprise, WRIGHT, DOUGLASS, and BUFFUM, for their efficient service to the cause in old Scotland; that we hail the evidence which every mail brings across the ocean, that their motto of "SEND BACK THAT MONEY," will, ere long, be the history of the Free Church, and that much as we long for their presence at home, we cheerfully recognize the facts, that, as Chatham once said, he would conquer France in America; so we may say now, we are conquering Carolina in Scotland.

Resolved, That this Convention recommends to its members, and to Abolitionists generally, to bear a faithful testimony against the sin of the slaveholders, by our fully abstaining from the use and purchase of the products of the slave to unrequited and extorted labor. [Laid on the table for want of time for discussion.]

The World's Convention.

We learn from the *London Anti-Slavery Reporter* that at a meeting of the Convention of the proposed Evangelical Alliance, held at Birmingham, in April, the following resolution was passed:

"That, while this Committee deem it unnecessary and inexpedient to enter into any question at present on the subject of slaveholding, or on the difficult circumstances in which Christian brethren may be placed in countries where the law of Slavery prevails; they are of opinion that invitations ought not to be sent to individuals who, whether by their own fault or otherwise, may be in the unhappy position of holding their fellow-men as slaves."

The *Reporter* in commenting upon this resolution hopes that it may be kept advised if any of the slaveholders "venture over," and hopes, "also, that those gentlemen, at the North, who are the apologists of Slavery, who thrust their colored brethren into the "negro pew," and refuse to break the same bread, and drink of the same cup, at the same time, with their fellow-members, whose skins have a darker tincture than their own, and otherwise heap indignities and shame upon them, will feel themselves virtually excluded from the Evangelical Alliance by the resolution which has been passed." We have already given our British readers some information as to delegates to the Convention, and have an article now waiting for room, which may give them some further light on this subject. It will be of little service, however, if their definition of the "apologists of Slavery" is as narrow as that of the *Reporter*.

The Church Militant.

A Southern paper contains the following paragraph. We would recommend the Secretary of War to take a hint from the example of the Rev. Captain Stewart, and give commissions to all our army and navy chaplains, or make them serve in the ranks, or at the guns on board ship. If it is good to pray before a battle that it be successful, it is good to help make it so.

A company of about ninety men arrived here yesterday from the parishes of East Baton Rouge and Iberville, under the command of the Rev. Richard A. Stewart, as Captain. Capt. Stewart is a worthy clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, who allows nothing to prevent his discharge of that duty every citizen owes to his country in the hour of peril.

The Enemy at Home.

Some of the Southern papers are already giving indications of their fear of the internal enemy—"the millions ready to rise up at the tap of the drum,"—in case of an invasion. They are fearful even of permitting the colored people to learn anything of the art of war, lest they should turn it to account in their own behalf. Read the following from the New Orleans Jeffersonian, and see how conscience makes cowards of slaveholders:

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR.—We hear that a numerous body of free colored men of this city, propose to offer their services as soldiers. Many of our colored inhabitants are respectable and worthy people, holding considerable property, and are sincerely attached to the country; and the patriotism that dictates the proposition is worthy of all praise. It occurs to us, however, that it is entirely inadmissible. Gen. Jackson accepted their services in 1814 to repel invasion, and they proved themselves worthy of the trust. If the city was in danger, they might properly share in its defence. Even our slaves might be, with propriety, employed. But the present campaign will consist of offensive operations. We shall not only force the enemy across the Rio Grande, but in all probability, push our arms to the very heart of Mexico. In a war of invasion we cannot employ men of color. If we set such a precedent, we shall have no right to protest against the employment of a similar force against us, should we become involved in a war with Great Britain. It is distinctly understood, that if the English ever land a regiment of blacks in this country, we can grant no quarter to prisoners. It will be a war of extermination, marked with blood at every step. And we must be careful how we set the *precedent*, when we march into the territory of another power.

HEAR A SOUTHERNER.—The Southern Christian Advocate, published at Charleston, S. C. thus speaks of the *Church North*. The Church saves its credit neither with its friends nor its enemies:

And now we wish the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, *North*, joy in being as fully *pro-slavery*, so far as any and every vital principle is concerned, as the M. E. Church, South is, has been, or ever will be. That ecclesiastical body is formally, truly, undeniably, irrevocably, connected with Slavery! Slaveholders kneel at her communion tables; slaveholders lead her classes; slaveholders fill her boards of Trustees; *slaveholders occupy her very pulpits* Let New England and Ohio stand aghast, and let the daughters of Eastern and Western abolitionism gird themselves with sackcloth. Slaveholders occupy her pulpits, we repeat; for although the traveling preachers of the Baltimore Conference are not allowed to hold this sort of property; any of the Maryland or Virginia *local preachers* may, that choose to do so; and many are slaveholders. A fine *denouement* truly is this to the whole tragedy of the General Conference of 1844. The M. E. Church has lost sixteen of her fairest provinces, and *kept Slavery* sticking to her skirts after all. Her enemies within and without will say that she endorses the doctrine that human beings may be regarded as *property*; held as *chattels*, and what answer can she give? She sees no moral guilt in the relation of master and slave, *per se*. Her official organs must again be muzzled. Expediency must strangle conscience, or the Abolitionists will leave the foul communion in thousands. The sliding-scale of morality must be adopted again, and that course of action be regarded as virtuous and praiseworthy in a layman which would send a Bishop to perdition. In short the Baltimore Conference has conferred a better boon upon the Southern Church by going North, than if she had brought to our communion twice the amount of her present numbers, and ten times the amount of her talent. She keeps Slavery in the mother Church, and makes every apologist for Northern Methodism, a champion of Southern rights and principles."

SISTER WILKINS'S SCHOOL.—By a late arrival from Liberia we regret to learn that Sister Wilkins has not yet met with the success that was anticipated. The captives of the "Pons," forgetful of the benefits which the colonists were disposed to shower upon them, in teaching them to labor for others for three suits of clothes a year, rice enough to eat,—when there is any in the colony,—and a day's schooling occasionally for the children, prefer to amuse themselves by stealing cattle, sheep, swine, robbing hen-roosts, and digging up cassava and potatoe patches. Such ungrateful conduct must be exceedingly painful to "Sister Wilkins," and is almost enough to make her doubt, after all, whether Providence had so much to do with filling her school as was at first thought.

THE MILITIA NUISANCE.—The Assembly of this State have passed a militia bill, the details of which are too long for our columns, nor would it hardly be worth while to publish them were they not. We have among our readers very few who are desirous of making fools of themselves once or twice a year, in red cloth and patent leather. We regret to see, however, that by the bill, clergymen are exempt from military duty. As they, as a class, are the most strenuous defenders of the rightfulness of war, we see no reason why they should not be put upon the same footing as other citizens. They are as good food for powder as more common and less sacred clay. But the bill, as a general thing, is an improvement on the present system. Our readers will all, doubtless, be gratified to learn, that members of the Society of Friends, and all others who have any conscientious scruple against doing military duty, are released from serving by paying seventy-five cents *the scruple*. This is an improvement, and as small measure as we can expect for the present.

☞ Our acknowledgments are due the *True Wesleyan* for copying, as we requested, the card from Messrs. Winans, Green, and Pitts, of the Church South, in praise of the Church North. Nor have we any complaint to make that the *Wesleyan* takes the opportunity to repeat the silly slander against us, that we are the "no-Government, no-Church Abolitionists." There are people whom it is not right to blame for not doing a thing fairly and handsomely; they can't do it.

For the present we are satisfied with the acknowledgment of the Wesleyan, that as Orange Scott is appointed a delegate to the World's Convention by several local Conferences, and as the General Conference is responsible for their acts, he goes as the representative of the General Conference. We have more to say upon the subject when we have more room.

☞ We shall give next week further sketches of the New England Convention, with the speeches of Garrison, Caleb Stetson, A. K. and S. S. Foster, Theodore Parker, Remond, Burleigh, Phillips, and others, as we have time and room.

☞ We cut the following paragraph from the Evening Mirror, but have heard nothing of the event to which it alludes from any other quarter:

NEGRO INSURRECTION.—A private letter from Richmond, (Va.) dated 17th instant, says:—"We had a negro insurrection here a few days since, a few miles from the city. They were to march to the city, and take the banks and all the cash, but they were not quite quick enough. About a dozen were arrested, and they will put a rope round their necks by way of a pattern."

From the Boston Courier.

LINES

On the death of Rev. Charles T. Torrey, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—*Read at Faneuil Hall, on the Evening of May* 18, 1846.

Woe worth the hour when it is a crime
To plead the poor dumb bondman's cause,
When all that makes the heart sublime,
The glorious throbs that conquer time,
Are traitors to our cruel laws!

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give the truth one martyr more,
Then shut—and here behold the end!

O, mother-state! when this was done,
No pitying throe thy bosom gave;
Silent thou saw'st the death-shroud spun,
And now thou givest to thy son
The stranger's charity—a grave.

Must it be thus, forever? No!
The hand of God sows not in vain;
Long sleeps the darkling seed below,
The seasons come, and change, and go,
And all the fields are deep with grain.

Although our brother lie asleep,
Man's heart still struggles, still aspires;
His grave shall quiver yet, while deep
Through the brave Bay State's pulses leap
Her ancient energies and fires.

When hours like this the senses' gush
Have stilled and left the spirit room,
It hears amid the eternal hush,
The swooping pinions' dreadful rush,
That bring the vengeance and the doom.

Not man's brute vengeance such as rends,
What rivets man to man, apart,—
God doth not so bring round his ends,
But waits the ripened time and sends
Sweet mercy to the oppressor's heart.

For the Standard.

The Universalist Protest.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time since you published a Protest against Slavery, signed by three hundred and four Universalist ministers. From various accidental causes, the Protest was not signed, in time for publication, by all who would have been glad to sign it.

The Universalist denomination have shown by this Protest, and various other acts, that they are decidedly an anti-slavery body. This denomination has increased, in the free States, within the last twenty-five years, beyond all parallel, while in the slave States hardly a footing can be obtained. This speaks in plain language as to its tendency. One of the Southern papers recently stated, that it preferred, of the two, to have an ultra Abolitionist lecture at the South than to have Universalist preaching there. But I am wandering from my object; it is to say, that the following persons have sent in their names since the publication of the Protest:

Rev. J. P. Atkinson, Westbrook, Me.; Rev. C. H. Fay, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. C. H. Webster, Lexington, Mass.; Rev. B. H. Davis, Milford, Mass.; Rev. S. C. Loveland, Weston, Vt.; Rev. C. Woodhouse, Woodstock, Vt.; Rev. J. Whitney, Auburn, N. Y.; Rev. Edwin Thompson, Walpole, Mass.; Rev. J. B. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

Most of these gentlemen have written letters, expressing their deepest interest in the movement. The few in the free States who have not signed this *protest*, we trust will soon join their brethren who have so nobly taken this strong abolition ground, and push on the work of a world's emancipation to a triumphant issue.

A UNIVERSALIST.

Recent Publications.

Scenes and Thoughts in Europe By an American. New-York and London. Wiley & Putnam, 1846.

It is no secret, we believe, that the author of this book is George H. Calvert, a Marylander, who was educated at a German University, and published, a year or two since, a translation of the correspondence between Göethe and Schiller. The "Scenes and Thoughts" is a pleasant book, displaying much good feeling, and an amiable desire to make the best of everything, excepting only the aristocratic tendencies of European institutions. Patriotism is really so cheap a quality that we wonder at its being held in such esteem by the world. We have seen something of a good many different nations, but we never yet found a people who did not prefer their own country to any other. Englishmen come to America with democratic tendencies, and return home thorough monarchists, whilst our own youths go to Europe aristocrats and come back fierce republicans. Mr. Calvert can see with admirable clearness the aristocratic defects of European institutions, but has probably never perceived anything of the kind in Maryland, where a clergyman has recently been exposed to martyrdom in the holy cause of Freedom. We have among us at this time, a gentleman, Harro Harring, who is quite an object of sympathy with such patent Democrats as Alexander Everett, and Mayard Fuller, who has been imprisoned in half a dozen European prisons for his labors in the cause of human freedom. But he escaped from prison. Here there is no escape. Charles T. Torrey died in his dungeon, and we hear no lamentations from the democracy. Mr. Everett has written no eulogy on his character; the Democratic Review has no knowledge of him. O, no, we never mention him. We know all about the sufferings of Silvio Pellico. Those aristocrats in Europe laid their hands upon him, but suffered him to escape. We Democrats do the business more effectually. The stake, the gallows, and the dungeon, make clean work of fanatics. Dead men tell no tales. But, O! O! O! what tales will these dead men tell of us; and those pining in dungeons; and those with branded hands, who go about the country scoffed at, jeered, reviled, persecuted, whipped, spat upon, traduced, and all for their labors in behalf of enslaved men. And with the cries of these martyrs, and the groans of three millions of fellow-countrymen, ringing in their ears, and with the knowledge of women and clergymen dying in dungeons for their efforts to knock off the chains of enslaved humanity, our young men can go to Europe and drop crocodile tears over the victims of monarchical persecution. Pah! And Doctor's of Divinity, gallows-loving disciples of Christ, like George B. Cheever, can preach by the hour, and write volumes on the spiritual destitution of free and happy Swiss peasants, whilst three millions of his own countrymen are interdicted by LAW from reading the Scriptures. God forgive us! But we can never think of these things, and restrain a fustigatory spirit which insidiuously creeps into our veins. However, there are other readers less particular about these things, and such will find the volume before us pleasant, gentlemanly reading. The best part of it is that which relates to the water-cure establishment at Boppard, where the author was swaddled in wet sheets, and gives very conclusive testimony in favor of the treatment.

The Wandering Jew. No. 12. Harper's Illustrated Edition.

We are happy to perceive that this superb publication has been resumed after a suspension of two months. The number before us is equal to any of the first volume, and the same wonderful variety of designs in the cuts displays the exhaustless power of Gavarni, who possesses the highest imagination, and the most expert pencil of any artist in Europe. His inventive powers are much more fruitful, and of a higher character, than those of the author he illustrates. There is less of the grotesque in his designs than in those of any other French artist whose works we have seen. His rapidity of execution, and precision of touch, are truly wonderful. Many of his sketches in *Le Charivari* are equal in delicacy to the best things in *Le Diable à Paris*. We hope for the sake of the public taste that this illustrated edition of the Wandering Jew will have an extensive circulation among the people. If such works can be brought before the public, we believe that those wretched inanities, the Milliner's Magazines of Philadelphia, will soon go out of fashion. There is really more good art in one number of this illustrated edition of the Wandering Jew, than has been contained in that mawkish magazine, Mrs. Godey's Lady's Book, since its first number was issued.

The Proceedings of the Convention for Bible Missions, held in Syracuse, February 18th and 19th, 1846.

We have received a pamphlet with this title, from Mr. Harned, containing the Report of Mr. Phelps, on A. B. C. F. M., and a full report of the proceedings of the Convention at Syracuse. It contains a very full history of the pro-slavery character of the American Board. For sale at 5 Spruce street.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

News from Europe.

The Great Britain arrived at New-York on the morning of 29th ultimo, in twenty days from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 9th. The news by this arrival, being only five days later than former dates, is not important. Cotton was a shade higher; in other American produce there was little change. Parliament had authorized the construction of railways estimated to cost £60,000,000, or near $300,000,000, two-thirds of which it is believed will be constructed. The price of sugar was steadily increasing, owing to the accounts of the deficiency of the last West India crop. Grain and flour were becoming more active,—owing to the proceedings of Parliament, which point to a low rate of duty, and a release of those articles in bond.

The Oregon Notice, by the United States Senate, was received in London, from Havre, by express, on the 7th, for the Times. We give some few extracts from a leading article of the 8th, from the same paper, which indicates the state of feeling on that subject:

There is at the bottom the same deep and earnest hope in both countries that this question will be amicably settled, and we trust there is an equal resolution in the Governments of both countries to make every exertion, consistent with their true interests and honor, to terminate the controversy. It is in this spirit that we are willing to receive the notice for the termination of the existing convention.

After expressing the belief that the Notice materially improves the prospect of a speedy settlement of the difficulty, it says:

The utmost term to which the peace of the world can be prolonged is one twelvemonth, if, indeed, circumstances do not bring about a much earlier rupture, unless the partition of the Oregon territory be finally settled within that period. Never was a heavier responsibility incurred by public men; never was a graver question poised in the balance of Providence.

The provisional agreement under which our pacific relations with the United States have subsisted for thirty years is to be superseded by a final definition of our respective rights upon the northwestern coast of America, or to be succeeded by war. The vessel is already loosened from the moorings at which she lay in peace.

And after some further remarks, concludes as follows:

Every incident which has occurred in the course of these discussions, has more and more fully convinced us that whilst a compromise is necessary, and, indeed, our own statement of our claims suggests a division, no surrender of those claims can be attempted.

We are not conscious of having advanced any argument, or made any assertion, which is not greatly within the strictest limits to which British rights might have been carried; and below the line which has been traced for the policy of this country, lies nothing but insecurity and disgrace.

To that position we therefore adhere; we have no doubt that the Ministers of the Crown will adhere to it no less firmly, confident that in the maintenance of just rights, as well as in securing peace, they are supported by the unanimous resolution of the people of England.

Ireland.—The accounts from various parts of Ireland, as to the wants of the people, are painfully apparent. One day last week sixty people were admitted into the Poor-House at Dungarvon. At Tuam the destitution is described as being fearfully on the increase.

The Relief-Committees in Galway are busy in meeting the evil. The people are stated to be in the most wretched condition imaginable.

France.—The examination of the affair of *Lecompte*, the person who is charged with the attempt on the life of Louis Phillippe, was nearly concluded.

Spain.—The insurrection in Spain has been suppressed after a hard battle, and a surrender to the Queen's troops. Nineteen officers and men engaged in it were shot.

Later.—Arrival of the Hibernia:—Ten days later news was brought by this steamer, which arrived at Boston, at noon, on Monday. She left Liverpool on the 19th ult. We have no advices, as yet, in relation to the feeling in England upon the subject of our war with Mexico. The notice of the United State Senate on the Oregon question was regarded as conciliatory, and opening the way for an amicable adjustment. Lord John Russell, in a speech on the 15th, said:

Looking at one of the greatest nations on the globe, I am happy to find there are symptoms of returning feelings of amity and good will. When I read the speeches of Webster, Calhoun, and others, I forget all the idle menace wafted from the other side of the Atlantic. I trust her Majesty's Government will be able to fix finally the limits which divide the dominions of her Majesty from those of the United States; and I trust the convention or treaty which shall settle that boundary will be but the prelude of a more intimate connection between us and that vast commonwealth of a free people; that we shall carry on together our manufactures and our agriculture, vying with each other, if you will, to make our productions more and more perfect, striving, in the neutral markets of the world, for pre-eminence; striving, also, in our respective branches of production, that we may clothe them, and they may feed us, but hoping that there never shall be occasion to cross the bayonets of Britain and America on any bloody field whatever.

Sir Robert Peel, also took occasion, in the course of his speech on the Corn question, the same evening, to express himself equally sanguine of a speedy and peaceful termination of all misunderstanding with the United States Government, on the questions at issue between them and Great Britain.

Among the passengers by the Hibernia is Mr. W. W. Messer, bearer of despatches from the Court of St. James.

It was reported that Parede's agent on the part of Mexico had asked for a new loan of two millions, and proposed to consolidate the old debt at a discount of sixty per cent.

Wilmer & Smith's European Times mentions a report that the British Government are about to despatch a war steamer to Oregon, 200 gunners, 2 sergeants, 2 corporals and 2 bombardiers, under the command of Capt. Blackwood, early in June. Three thousand excavators are soon to follow.

The Corn Bill had passed the House of Commons by a larger majority than at any previous vote—a majority of ninety-eight, and is regarded as settled.

From the Seat of War.

The substance of the news received by telegraph on Saturday morning from the seat of war is, that Col. Wilson, with four companies of regulars, and three companies of Alabama volunteers, had taken Barita without opposition, and secured a large quantity of provisions and ammunition of the Mexican army. That two thousand Mexican troops were seen to march out of Matamoros, *almost* in a state of starvation. General Taylor was to have crossed the Rio Grande for the purpose of taking Matamoros on Monday; and the belief prevailed that that town had been evacuated, as no cannonading was heard at Point Isabel. General Smith was already on his march upon the island of Boca Chica, to cross the Rio Grande at the mouth, and advance up the river on the Mexican side to Matamoros. In the retreat from the battle of the 9th, a letter from Point Isabel states, that Generals Ampudia and Arista led the van through the chaparal: and in swimming the river many were said to be drowned in the attempt. Gen. Le Vega, now a prisoner of war in New Orleans, is everywhere spoken of as a brave soldier, and a gentleman; this is the testimony of both Mexicans and Americans. The Mexican loss is set down by the Aid of Le Vega, to be eight hundred, including those slaughtered on the field, and those drowned in swimming the river. One hundred, it is said, were drowned on their retreat, in crossing the Rio Grande. Fifteen hundred muskets, all King's arms, had been captured. The papers are everywhere filled with long letters from the army, detailing the many cases of personal valor that have been witnessed, in most of which we notice the writers have, themselves, figured largest in the hair-breadth 'scapes described. All these reports must be taken at a very liberal discount.

General Items.

Why are we at war?—A Washington correspondent of the Herald speaks out as follows:

"Why, or wherefore, were the troops of Gen. Taylor pushed forward to the Eastern branch of the Rio del Norte, is a question frequently asked, but rarely answered satisfactorily. I will now give you the true solution of the question. By the terms of Annexation with Texas that State held in its own hands the public lands, in order to cover its floating debt. On investigation, it was found that in Texas proper the whole public domain had been squandered away by the Government of the Republic, and consequently the holders of the great amount of Texas scrip, lost all hope of being paid from that source.

It then became necessary to plunder Mexico of a large portion of the three States of New Mexico, Coahuila and Chihuahua, and all of New Mexico which lies between the Bravo del Norte and the river Neuces. West of which stream the Republic of Texas never had either civil or military jurisdiction, nor even the shadow of a claim other than that arising from an act of its Legislature, which declared the Bravo to be the Western boundary of the republic; yet, if at the cost of so much blood, treasure, and national honor, the United States will plunder Mexico of the vast territory lying between the Neuces and Bravo, the State of Texas will claim the whole territory, and then be able to pay her national debt. Who can tell what amount of Texas scrip is held by the members of the present Cabinet, who have projected this species of plunder and robbery?"

From the West Indies.—We have a file of the Kingston (Jamaica) Morning Journal, to the 15th ultimo.

The papers of that date announces the resignation of Sir Henry McLeod, Governor of Trinidad, and mentions a report that Lord Harris is to be his successor.

A favorable change of weather had taken place at St. Lucia, where a drought of six months had done much injury to vegetation and excited great alarm for the crops. Also at Antigua.

At Tobago, the dispute between the House of Assembly and the Chief Justice continued. The House had resolved to do no business until the Chief Justice should be suspended, not *per col.* but from his functions. The trouble grew out of a refusal by the Chief Justice to allow copies of records to be furnished, which the House had required. There had been, and still was, great want of rain at Tobago.

The Journal quotes articles from journals published in Martinique, speaking of the numerous and frequent escape of slaves from that island to the English islands, where, of course, they remain in safety and freedom.—The Martinique papers do not complain of this, but urge it as an argument for emancipating the slaves in the French colonies.

We find no mention of Captain Frisbie's reported evasion, or indeed of his case in any way.—*Com.*

Slave Insurrection.—A Pensacola (Florida) correspondent of the Cincinnati Citizen writes under date of May 9th, as follows:

"Last night was an anxious one, with us; a woman had told her mistress that the *servants* were determined as soon as a sufficient number of white men went off to the war, (Mexican,) they would rise, burn the town, and destroy all the white women and children. The citizens were out all night patrolling; they have put one of the negroes in jail. There is great excitement, and every exertion is made to find out the truth of the story.—Everybody is armed, and some of the ladies are so frightened, that they keep pistols loaded. As a great many negroes are employed at the navy-yard, Commodore Latimer has kept it under martial law. If it had not been found out, God knows what would have become of us here, as there is not a ship in port."

The Evening Mirror very properly calls attention to an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm among certain of the students at Yale College, who have lately fired at Mexico a whole battery of resolutions, of which the following will serve as a sample:

"Resolved, That the doubtful state of affairs which now exists between our country and Mexico should engage the attention of the students of Yale College with that importance in which they hold their patriotism."

Sure enough! And a few volleys of such grammar and rhetoric as the above could not fail to do greater execution than either Ringgold's or Duncan's artillery.—Shrapnel shells must be mere cherry-stones to them. We would like, however, to suggest to these valorous youths not to unlimber any more of their guns this side of the Nueces. Such discharges as this are annoying not to foes only, and reflect the least possible credit on Yale or their mammas.—*Tribune*.

From the Nantucket Enquirer.

OBITUARY.

The Inquirer of the 1st instant, recorded the death of PETER MACY. In him, society has lost one of its brightest ornaments. Although unpretending in his manners and address, those whose privilege it was to be intimately acquainted with him, knew how much of the right and the true was blended in his character. His uncompromising principle, and a strict regard to its dictates, led him very early into the advocacy of those unpopular reforms which mark the present era, and no one rejoiced more ardently than our friend in their onward progress. One of the last efforts of his pen, in a letter to a friend, bore testimony that his zeal therein had known no abatement with his declining health, and he encouraged a faithful perseverance to the end. This was characteristic of the man. Being free from the vacillation which an impulsive disposition imposes upon its possessor, his conclusions were the result of deliberation, and they gave evidence, no less of strength of intellect, than decision of purpose. For these he was remarkable, and it is on this account, that the lesson of resignation which he would have been the first to inculcate, is so difficult to learn, and especially so, as his friends had cherished the fond hope, that many years still remained as the measure of his usefulness.

But although the loss of such a man is really a public one, yet how inconsiderable, in comparison with the domestic and social relations which he sustained. He lived for the world, truly; but in an especial manner, did he live for his wife and his children; and to these his loss is irreparable.

Their consolation will be found in the reflection, that the purity of his life eminently fitted him to enter upon another and a perfect mode of existence; of which, as they follow his bright example, they will be alike the recipients, never again to be disunited; while at the present, hallowed associations cluster around the memory of him whom they loved, his purified spirit, as it mingles with theirs, admonishes of a great truth,—that religion is a *life*, and not a *creed*, and that this is an earnest of a peaceful and triumphant close.—[COMMUNICATED.

NOTICES.

RHODE ISLAND FAIR.

PROVIDENCE, MAY 22, 1846.

Dear Friends:—We beg leave to call your attention to the ANNUAL RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, to be held in this City on WEDNESDAY, (Commencement day,) September 2d. We do this the more readily, and hopefully, as the result of the last Fair, and the liberality manifested by friends in furnishing its tables, and in various other ways supplying its wants, far exceeded our expectations. To you all, we render hearty thanks, assuring you that the proceeds of your labors have done much to renew the energies, strengthen the courage, and revive the hopes of the slave's toiling friends, and relieve the necessities of many a fugitive from the house of oppression.

But we must still urge a renewal of your benevolence, and an extension of your liberality. The great cause in which we are engaged is still unconsummated—the public mind is still laboring under the withering, cramping influences of party prejudice, and sectarian exclusiveness. The public ear is still deaf "to the cries of God's poor." The public eye is still blinded to the thousand bloody results of American despotism. The institutions, political and social, of the whole land, are still swayed at the dictation of mongers of human flesh. The country is being burdened by the annexation of immense tracts of slave-holding territory. To support the *infernal* system, and multiply the victims of human tyranny, our people are called to unsheathe the sword—to immolate themselves upon the wreaking altars of *war*. We call upon you, friends, to make another effort to break these chains—to annihilate this scheme of diabolical intrigue and conspiracy against the lives and liberties of human beings. We ask you to help us to make the *effort*. Let us spare neither expense or trouble; as we esteem the welfare and happiness of *human beings*—sons and daughters with us of one Great Common Father;—as we value our characters as Christians, and friends of the human race—as we wish to prove the sincerity of our professions, let us individually and collectively address ourselves to the task. Let us forget all selfish interests, and labor for the good of others. This will soften the severest toil, and lighten the heaviest burden.

We invite you to enlist with us in this work, both by contributing, yourselves, of whatever Providence has thrown into your possession of a contributable nature, and by soliciting contributions from others. Nothing will come amiss—anything and everything will aid us. We earnestly entreat you to leave no friend unsolicited—to let no influence lie dormant—to let no energy remain inactive—to let our stock lack nothing which you can possibly spare.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing Amarancy Paine, Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris,	*Mary R. Clarke,*
S. B. R. Foster,	*E. H. Brown,*
Abby Burgess,	*Amarancy Paine,*
Caroline Ashley,	*H. B. Redway,*
Mary Hathaway,	*Parthena T. Janes,*
Abby Thurber,	*Sarah R. Smith,*
Lucretia Francis,	*Mary Smith.*

THE RURAL FAIR.
Fourth of July at Dedham.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in MASSACHUSETTS, will be made at the "TEMPERANCE GROVE," DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the *present* service of righteous principle, by making it a holyday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition, and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause, may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
For the Managers.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti-Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron, or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BU-H, Treasurer, Rochester, N. Y., also, communications may be addressed to the same persons.

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICE.

The Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will hold its Annual Meeting at New Garden, Columbiana County, commencing on the 17th of June, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Arrangements are being made for the attendance of prominent advocates of the oppressed, not only of our own, but other States; the result of which, with other particulars, will be made known previous to the meeting.

From the increasing interest in this State, we anticipate a GENERAL RALLY. We also invite our friends of Western Pennsylvania, and Eastern Indiana to be with us on that occasion, and aid in devising efficient plans of operation for the coming year.

By order of the Executive Committee of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society. LOT HOLMES,
Rec. Secretary.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One (Parker Pillsbury) is already in the field.

Poetry.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Have ye heard the west wind singing, where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged spirit rangeth, and its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh when the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant-sighing in its sleep;
And the branches, low and slender, bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

Another tale 't is telling, where the clustered elm is swelling
With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright;
And the leaves, all bright and clapping, sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

The fitful key-note shifteth where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring, like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending, where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it gives a mournful whistle, that remindeth of the missal
And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the cresses, lily, flag, and rush;
And it sings with hissing treble like the foam upon the pebble
In its gush.

A varied theme it utters where the glossy date-leaf flutters—
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer may believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing where the giant pine is rearing
A lonely head, like hearse plume waved about;
And it larketh melancholy where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow mid the light laburnums yellow,
As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tiding, as it hurries, swiftly gliding
Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach

Oh! a hard of many breathings is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves,
Now fifeing and now drumming—now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh! are not human bosoms like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring in our hearts, like sweet wind whirring
In the boughs?

Though that wind a strange tone waketh in every home it maketh,
And the maple tree responds not as the larch,
Yet harmony is playing round all the green arms swaying
'Neath Heaven's arch.

Oh! what can be the teaching of these forest voices preaching?
'T is that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar, and help to fill the psalter
That 's divine.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

BY WORDSWORTH.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played—
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

From the Non-Resistant.

THE FIRST MURDER.

The youthful earth o'er which the stars
Had sung in choral strains, had scarce
From chaos sprung, ere blood did bathe
Its tender grass. Scarce had the flow'rs
Faded which bloom'd around when first
The rain in showers fell, or when
The dew had first distill'd its drops
Of pearl upon the virgin earth
Ere human gore was spilt. The earth,
Did yield its fruits, the golden grain
Hung down its tassell'd head, and trees
Their loaded branches bent. Abel
Went forth to offer up the firstlings
Of his young flock to God. His gift
Did God accept, but Cain was wroth
And slew his brother whom he should
Have lov'd, for brother-hearts should flow
Like mingling dew upon the rose.

The bloody deed was done, the Judge
Of Heaven and earth the rebel mark'd,
But then no death-tree curs'd the earth
And Cain became a vagabond—
A fugitive. No hands of blood
Did God allow to take the life
Of Cain. O, then, let man, not bent
With rage, from God now learn to let
The sinner live. Jesus perchance
May seek him out and bring the lost—
The erring, home. S. H. L.

NORTH ATTLEBORO', Mass.

Miscellany.

THE SLAVE-WIFE.

BY F. H. GREEN.

Among the numerous facts which our "peculiar institution" is continually developing—facts which, from the wild danger on the one hand, and the deep malignity on the other, outvie the most extravagant romance—may be found evidence that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. The following story was related to me by one who well knew the parties; and I give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

I had been walking through the fields of various acquaintances, conversing with them as they worked, or listening to the happy song, or the merry whistle that rang out on the clear air of a fine spring morning, when, at about nine o'clock, I leaned over the rude fence that enclosed the field where my friend Laco was at work.

"Well, Laco," I said, extending my hand, as he was about turning to commence another row, "This is a fine morning, but you are not quite in the spirit of it. You seem unhappy. Has anything happened to distress *you?*"

"No, Massa, no. Nothing happen to Laco now. Nothing now ever happen to him," he replied, turning upon me a look of unutterable sadness.

"Why do you say that, Laco? You surely are happy, now you are free, and you cannot be insensible to the beauty of this lovely morning! The neighbors are singing. The birds are singing. They are happy, all are happy. Why should not Laco sing, and be happy too?"

"The birds," answered he, "are singing songs of love. Each one has a mate in his nest; but Laco's nest is cold and silent. Why, then, should he sing? The free are singing the song of Liberty, but the light of Laco's freedom is put out."

"Excuse me, Laco," I urged, as I sprang over the fence and stood beside him, "I am your friend.—Speak to me freely, as a friend, a brother; and the confidence may relieve you; I see your story is a sad one."

"Ah, Massa, so slave story always be. But come to the cabin, Massa; and Laco will tell you what he has whispered only in the great ear of night, when God an angels alone are walking." He laid down his hoe in the furrow, and sprang over the fence at a single bound. I followed him, and with a few more steps we stood in the log-cabin, where he spent the solitary hours of rest. A draught of cool milk and water refreshed us; and seating himself on the ground near the rude bench he had offered me, after a pause of some minutes marked by profound emotion, he thus related his simple but heart-thrilling story.

"I was raised on the plantation of J. C———, and perhaps few slaves have had a kinder master. At the age of twenty-two I married Clusy Davis, a girl of twenty. She was white. At least no one would suppose she had any African blood in her veins.—Some have said that the only trace of it was in her eyes; and they were large, and soft, and brilliant, although very black.

"At length I observed that Clusy was getting pale, and I often found her in tears. I asked her the cause—I urged her to tell me, but she would dry them instantly, and say that she was not well, or that she was lonesome, she could not help crying when I was gone. I saw that this was mere pretence, and sought in vain for the truth that lay under it, and when, at last, she could no longer hide from me the fact of her unhappiness, she resolutely refused to tell the cause. I could find no relief to my anxiety.

"One holyday—it was the fourth of July—I had resolved to go to carouse, with my fellow-slaves, and drown my troubles in whisky. My master was even more complacent than usual, and gave me a generous allowance of money. He warmly encouraged my going, as masters always do, because whatever sinks the man secures the slave—and it seems he had another reason for wishing me absent. I had already left the plantation, and set out to join my companions at a small ale-house, about a half a mile farther, when my purpose was arrested in a very singular manner. While loitering through the meadow; whistling, not so much for want of thought, as to drown thought, I came accordingly to a large magnolia tree, where I had first met Clusy, when we were both children. I threw myself into the refreshing shadow, when the time past and long-forgotten, seemed to rise before me. There we had often played together in childhood, and when she came to the great house, to this tree I always accompanied her, and here we always parted. Here, too, she often came to meet me in the long starry evenings, after our work was done. Here she often promised to be mine, and here, too, my mother blessed us but a few days before her death, and I remember the hot tears that fell upon my hand, as it was clasped between the bony shriveled ones of my mother.

"I thought then she wept because she was going to die, but I knew not it was deeper sorrow, that shook her so fearfully. Here, too, beneath this very tree we sat, with hand fast locked in hand, on the eve of our marriage, and here the minister blessed us, and called us one. All these things became present with me. I lived again in the past, and my spirit returned to its former peace. I abandoned my design of a frolic. I thought only of Clusy, for love and faith once more blossomed in my heart, and I hastened to reach the path which led to the pretty cottage that her loving mistress had built for her. I ran, I flew along its windings, and almost breathless, I reached the viny shadow of her porch. I would clasp her to my heart, which was throbbing with but one great pulse for her, for her alone, my love—my wife. I would assure her of my love; I would make amends for all my former coldness. I was nearly insane with the violence of my feelings. Oh, God! what did I see! My master rushed from the cottage as I drew near, his face flushed, his eyes terribly bright. As if by the help of a flash of lightning, I saw the truth. Too horrible it is to speak of! I had never been jealous of Clusy; why had I not? She was beautiful. She was in her master's power. She was in the power of every white man that chose to possess her. She was no longer mine. She was not my wife. And the babe that slept under her bosom, that, too. A thousand devils seemed to possess me! I rushed into the house. She lay there on her couch, pale, and almost lifeless. I know not what I did. I know not how long a time had passed. I only remember that Clusy lay stretched upon the floor, and the hot blood that gushed from her mouth and nostrils was wetting my feet, and stood in puddles upon the ground. A horrible thought that I had murdered her took possession of me. I lifted her up, and bore her to a neighboring spring. I bathed her head—her hands. I drenched her with cold water. For minutes that seemed hours, years, ages, I watched to see whether she would live or die. At length, slowly and faintly she opened her eyes, and the horrid guilt of murder, like a great weight, was lifted from my soul. I wept. I prayed. I covered her hands, her arms, her very feet with kisses. I blessed her with blessings that seemed wrought out of my heart's blood.

"She appeared very weak, too weak to utter a sound, though she often strove to do so, but she feebly pressed my hand; and when she turned those large, living, truthful eyes full upon me, looking into my very soul, I knew that she was guiltless. Whatever others might have done, *she* had done no wrong. At length I became completely exhausted. I sank down beside her, weak and helpless as a child, and side by side, with cheek resting against cheek, we slept together. Clusy was the first to wake: "Laco," she whispered, "rise, I pray you! Massa will be very angry, if we are seen here together!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I cried starting up in alarm; "you are my wife—my own wife! Did not Massa Minister, himself say—What God has joined together, let not man put asunder? I cannot leave you, for you are ill."

"O, you must; I shall die soon, Laco, very soon—and then you will have no more trouble—your baby will never see the light. It is yours, she added in a hollow whisper, "and I have kept it pure for your sake." After a short pause she resumed; "I believe I must tell you now, Laco; I thought I never should, but I believe I must. I shall never get another chance. Let us go to the woods. I dare not speak here." She attempted to rise; but fell back quite exhausted. "Can you carry me?" she whispered, faintly. I took her in my arms, and bore her to the woods. She was so light and thin it seemed like carrying a shadow. "Clusy," I cried in agony: 'how much you have suffered! And why; why could I not have known it?"

"I will tell you," she answered, "but hush and be quick." I piled together a heap of fresh leaves, and laid her gently down. "Sit down by me, Laco, and turn your eyes away; for you must not look at me while I am telling you."

"Oh, I wish some of the fine ladies, who think that the slave woman has no virtue; no sense even of decency; could have seen with what a sweet and shrinking modesty she told the revolting tale, and when it was finished how she hid her head in my bosom, and wept so piteously! It was a common story, I have since found. Her master was enamored of her beauty. He had sought in vain to win her favor; at first by entreaty, by presents, and flattery; then by violence, and the most abusive treatment. "And why did you not tell me this before, Clusy?" I asked.

"O," said she, looking up in my face, and clinging to me with a convulsive shudder, "he said he would kill you, if I ever told; and massa very strong, massa very cunning, massa very rich. What could poor slave do? I never should dare to tell you now, only the Lord Jesus Christ came to me last night in my dreams, and say I must. He say poor slave woman come to him presently. There is no selling, there is no buying, where the Lord Jesus is; there is no flogging to make poor woman wicked any more."

"He surely has not dared to flog you, Clusy!" I interrupted.

"Look here," she answered, with a shudder, "see if Clusy tell the truth or no." She drew aside from her back the one loose garment, and O, my God! that soft white skin was cut up and crossed in all directions; and there were deep ridges and running sores. And all this she had borne without complaint, for my sake—for the love of virtue—for the inborn love of purity. O, God! it was hard to look upon, and think I had no power to help her."

He paused, unable for sometime to speak farther. He shook from head to foot, and groans burst from his heaving bosom.

At length he grew calm, and continued—"We resolved to apply for advice to the minister who had married us. He was a Presbyterian. Mr. and Mrs. C——— were members of his flock, Clusy and I, also, were baptized members of his flock. I bore my wife to the cottage, and laid her on the couch, and having summoned an old woman to attend her, and to inform her mistress that she was ill, I went in pursuit of the minister. I had the good fortune to find him. I told him my story in words that seemed to burn my throat as I uttered them. And what do you think he said? He said *there was no help;* that I must *submit!* Think of that, Christians! a minister of the Gospel, in high standing, deliberately instructs one member of his church to sin, that another member may be accommodated in sin! Think of that, husbands! ye who have beds you call your own! ye who have honor to lose! I must submit to see my wife polluted! I must submit to see her scourged, because she would not yield herself willingly! And she must submit! Think of that, wives! Think of it, all ye modest and virtuous women, who have husbands, and brothers, and friends, and the laws, to wall around and protect your purity, so that the shadow of evil may not approach you! A gentle, and lovely, and delicate woman, aye, and as modest and virtuous as any of you—although she had been taught by her own pure and loving nature, although she was shielded only by the majesty of innocence—she who had borne repeated stripes and bitter sorrow rather than pollution—she was told by her minister, her spiritual guide and pattern, that she must commit a damning sin; that she must have no conscience of her own; that her master was answerable for her offences! She was told this by the very man who had placed on her brow the seal of Baptism; who had mocked her with the rite of marriage! Think of this, all ye virtuous, all ye pious women of the land; and if your virtue, your piety, are not a mere sham—are not a damning lie—give speedy help to the thousands of women—all of them your sisters in the bonds of humanity—many of them your sisters in the bonds of Christianity—who are daily prostituted on the altar of Slavery, while the black-hearted, lying priests lift up their bloody hands in consecration of the rite!

"Is it strange that I hated religion—that I hated the very form of man? for I came to believe that a devil incarnate had taken possession of it!

"I dreaded to communicate this intelligence to Clusy; but she was prepared. When I told her all, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. The poor, ignorant, weak, and almost dying woman was changed at once into the form of a seraph. Her eyes shone with terrible brightness, as she rose up and sat erect on her couch, her long black silken hair streaming with a contrast almost terrific, over her pale features. Her eyes were raised towards heaven, and for some moments she seemed conversing with the spirits that dwelt there. At length she turned her eyes upon me, with a dignity and majesty I cannot describe, although it astonished and terrified me, for I thought I had seen a spirit. "Then he is a liar," she said, "and the Lord Jesus Christ never sent him. He came from Hell, and he will return to Hell again. But the innocent will triumph! God will never forsake his children!" A radiance not of earth overspread her features. She sank gently down upon her couch, as if the hands of angels had supported her. I could almost feel the breath from their fanning plumes for I knew they were watching her when she slept so sweetly, a lamb among prowling wolves. Yet in her simple faith she rested securely; for God kept her.

"I will not, and I need not, recount all the disgusting steps in this affair. Clusy and I were happier than we had been, since we had no secret from each other. In the deepest trouble we could kneel down and pray together: and we were not left entirely without comfort, bitter and heavy as the yoke of bondage was; for God drew near unto our souls in the day of trouble; and our good mistress, to whom the whole affair became known, not only felt for, but shared our sorrows.

"I should have told you that on the Sabbath following the fourth of July alluded to, the Rev. Mr. Lovegold broke the bread and administered the communion; the seducer, the adulterer, the ten-fold murderer was there, and partook of the Holy feast; not only unrebuked, but with the smiling approbation of his kind pastor. Our master finding that I had become apprised of his conduct, threw off all disguise, and openly declared that after the birth of her child, Clusy should be his exclusively; threatening, if I made the least opposition, to sell me into Louisiana. To the birth of our child—that event so pleasing to most parents, we looked forward with the most agonizing fears. How we were sustained I know not; but it really seems as if an angel had entered into the heart of my wife; for what else could have supported her? From day to day she bore punishments which I cannot repeat—which I dare not even think of,—with a heroic gentleness which nerved to suffer all things and yield nothing. She endured with the spirit of a lamb, but she resisted with the heart of a lion.

"It was early in the month of September that Mr. C. in attempting to extort a promise from Clusy to favor his wishes, became so exasperated by her refusal, that he ordered the overseer to bestow forty lashes on her back, which had never been permitted to heal. She in vain pleaded that fright and agitation made her very ill—that she could not even stand. She was bound to the stake, and while cruel and vulgar men mocked her agony, THERE *our babe was born!* Had I been there, all the devils in Hell could not have kept me from defending her. But I had been purposely sent at some distance from home, and on my return, I found the wretched mother scarcely alive, and the dead child lying beside her.

"Oh, bless and praise God!" were the first words she uttered, that he has taken our babe before she knew what it is to be a SLAVE-WOMAN! Think of this, ye wives, when maternal anguish is alleviated by all that love, and friendship, and art, and science, can do? think if ye would see your own daughters suffer in the like, and inasmuch as ye would not strive to redeem these also from the bitter degradation—the cruel suffering.

"Although extremely weak, I found my wife perfectly sane. Her kind mistress had done everything that could then be done to promote her safety and comfort. When I arrived she was holding the pale hand of the sufferer between both of hers, and bathing it with her tears. She loved poor Clusy with a sister's love; but she could do nothing to save her.

Three weeks from that night I escaped with my wife, for her master had begun to renew his base proposals. I asked her if she dared to undertake the journey in her then weak state. I told her of the blood-hounds, of the rifle-shots, and of the nameless tortures that would await us if re-taken; for Clusy had been kindly dealt with almost all her life, and knew very little of Slavery. "I can die," she replied, "I am ready and willing, and I must die soon; but I cannot live here." That answer determined me. I bore her in my arms that night to the heart of a thick swamp, and on the cold wet earth we nestled together. There was no terror in the numerous serpents and reptiles that crept round and crawled over us. They were not so cold nor so venomous as the heart of the slaveholder. We seldom stirred abroad by day; but at night we crept from our hiding-place, found out the North star, and resumed our journey. When she was overcome with fatigue, which often happened, I carried her in my arms: and I really began to hope that the prospect of liberty would be the elixir of life, and completely restore her; but I found there is no medicine to heal a broken heart. True, she seemed at times much stronger, her eyes grew brighter every day, and her fair cheek was tinged with a deep spot of red; but when we had reached the northern boundary of Maryland, she could go no farther.

"Lay me down," she whispered. "It is useless to strive on. I have panted for freedom—I have struggled hard for it; but I can struggle no longer. Pile me a bed of leaves, and sit down beside me, for I feel I am dying. There, let the North wind blow upon my cheek, for it is the breath of the free; and let me look once more on the bright star that we have followed so long. It has been our only friend. Do you think it will shine in heaven, Laco? Ah, now I hear angels singing songs of freedom! I shall never suffer any more; I have no pain—no sorrow. God send a good spirit to lead you, my husband, into the land of liberty! O, God, pity and forgive poor massa! Oh, Lord! bless dear, dear Missa! Is there a cloud upon the moon? It is dark—dark. And now a bright light is springing up within me; and through it I see heaven! Never mourn for Clusy! she is FREE! FREE!" She murmured a few indistinct words of praise and prayer; then her lips were still; and I saw that without a struggle the free soul had departed.

"In the deep loneliness of a widowed heart I sat by her till morning, and then, by the help of a small flat stone, but mostly with my hands alone, I hollowed out a grave in the sandy earth. There I buried her. There I sat all day, so absorbed in sorrow that I saw nothing of the flight of time, until it was dark again. The melancholy owl came out to mourn with me. It seemed as if I had companionship, as if an intelligent being had spoken to me, and I for the first time gave utterance to my grief aloud. At length a whippowil came and sat upon the new grave, and sang her plaintive song. I thought the pure spirit spoke to me in the voice of that gentle bird, and then the angel of peace dropped his wings upon my weary soul, and I slept.

"I left her there, sleeping in the lone woods of Maryland, but I brought with me a shadow which no earthly sun can chase away. Tell my story," he added, as he arose from the ground—"publish it abroad, "for if any woman can hear it without a wish, a determination, to labor with all her might to abolish the *slavery of woman, I impeach her virtue.* She is *not true*, she is *not pure!*"

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Dr. Howe, in his last annual report, continues his account of this interesting girl.

Her mind has developed itself during the last year in a remarkable manner, as will be seen in the specimens of her writing and conversation. It is very fortunate that I was able to obtain, as a successor to Miss Swift, her former able and excellent teacher, a young lady fully equal to the difficult task of conducting her education. Indeed, to Miss Swift and Miss Wight belong, far more than to any other persons, the pure satisfaction of having been instrumental in the beautiful development of Laura's character.

There have been a few moments during the year, when either from the developing tendency to independent individualism above alluded to, or from a constitutional irritability, or both, Laura has manifested a spirit which threatened violent explosions of temper. I am certain, that, if, at such times she had been treated with the slightest sternness, or even with coldness and indifference, the effect would have been most unfavorable. But her teacher, never for a moment losing her temper, never ceasing to manifest the tenderest interest in her pupil, yet not *obtruding it upon her*, or making it the pretext for overruling her will, has succeeded in making Laura *judge* and *condemn herself;* so that, without being accused, she has perceived her fault, and, without being punished, she has come out of the trial stronger and better than before. This I hold to be a rare attainment in the art of teaching—it is more—it is the best kind of moral training.

It will be seen by the extracts which will follow, that Laura has acquired much greater facility and copiousness of expression than before; nevertheless, a great portion of the year has been spent in teaching her the use of language.

One day she was speaking about something which recalled the past, and asked, "Why was I not always so good?" Not receiving an immediate answer, she added, "People cannot always do right, as one man did who lived many years ago. Doctor says nobody ever does right always, as Jesus Christ did." Her teacher told her that we must always try to do perfectly right, and then we should grow better and better. She then asked, "If we are perfect, shall we be like God?"

The following extract from her teacher's journal will show how minutely her little faults are noted and how they are treated:

"*Sunday, Nov. 10th.* Laura went to church with me in the morning. In the afternoon, I left Jane Damon with her, with permission to stay a short time. When I returned, Laura did not welcome me as usual, and made some objection to a walk which I proposed; but she was soon ready for it. I learned from Jane, that Laura had done something that she (Jane) had promised not to tell me. I asked Laura why she was not willing that I should know everything that she did while I was away. She said, 'I was afraid you would reprove me.' I asked her if I ever spoke unkindly to her when she had done wrong. 'No,' replied she, very emphatically, 'you never blame me. Why did I pull the wire?' I answered, that I thought curiosity and playfulness made her do it: that it was not wrong to be curious and playful; but that it was wrong to try to conceal from me when she thought she had done mischief. 'I did not know it was to conceal,' said she. I told her that it was best for me to know what she did and thought, that I might be able to advise her. 'I knew it was wrong to pull the wire.' Jane had told me, also, that Laura was unwilling that she should leave her, and made several very unpleasant noises. I alluded to this when talking with Laura, and she said, 'I was not impatient.' 'But,' said I, 'Jane said you made some bad noises.' 'I did n—,' she began to say, hesitatingly; when I said, 'did you not make noises?' and she replied, 'I believe I did not refrain from making bad noises.'

"I was now obliged to leave her for a short time. When I came back, she was not inclined to say much, and seemed trying to force a smile. By this time, the headache which had followed me all day became quite severe, and I left her again for a while to her reflections. It is the first time that she has attempted to deceive me. She was afraid, perhaps, that she had done some injury to something. She could have no fear that I would speak severely to her, for I never blame her in the least. Generally, when she is saying or doing any little thing that I disapprove, I simply stop it at the time, and afterwards speak of the thing abstractly. She will apply my remarks to herself, and to the circumstance, but without any unpleasant excitement of feeling, and she remembers them a long time.

"Many times she has said, 'I cannot be perfectly good, as Jesus Christ was.' I have told her that every one should try to be perfectly good, and never be willing to do wrong even in a little thing,—explained to her that perhaps it was a desire to *appear* perfectly good which prompted her to conceal that which she was afraid was wrong.

"When I spoke to her again, she said, 'I was praying to God, and told him that I had been so wrong, and I asked him to forgive me, and send me better thoughts. I told him my motives were bad to conceal from you, and to tell you that I did not make impatient noises.' She then put her hand on my hot head and asked what made it worse. I answered, 'Sad thoughts.' She said, 'I am sorry you were detained from being happy by a sad circumstance. I have told God that I will not do so wrong again.'"

Here is another extract illustrative of the same thing:

"*Oct. 24th.* At eight o'clock to-day Laura came to me and said, 'Doctor wants you to teach me about motives; what are motives?'

"After giving her the meaning of the word, I referred her to a story that I read to her last evening; it was of a benevolent, kind-hearted little boy, who expended his money in purchasing little comforts for those who needed them, making it his happiness to do good to the poor and unfortunate. She was very much interested in talking of the character of the boy, and of his sister and mother. 'It was a good motive for George to give nice things to poor people. Doctor had a good motive to give us this nice large room to be so warm and comfortable; he is very benevolent. But Jesus Christ was the most benevolent; we cannot be benevolent as he was. I cannot be benevolent and do kind things to crazy people, and blind, and deaf people, and cure them. God is very benevolent, he does so many things to make people happy.' I then tried to show her how she might be truly benevolent in little things, every day. 'I give away many things,' said she. I convinced her that it was not always a proof of benevolence to give things away. During the whole lesson, she was very serious and thoughtful, pressing my fingers closely, so that no letter should escape her.

"*Friday, Oct 25th.* Laura seemed to me very rude and boisterous, and not easily restrained, as usual. It was very discouraging to me, and I gave myself up to sad thoughts. Laura soon perceived it, and asked why. I told her she did not try so much as I wished, to grow still and gentle, though we had talked so much about it. She sat still some time, and then said, 'I love Mrs. Smith best, she is so gentle.' This was evidently said to trouble me, and did not relieve me any. This is one of the very few instances when there seemed to be unkindness in the child's heart.

"But she soon repented. After dinner she was up stairs, and was good for some time; when at last she came down and found me, she said she had a nice present for me, to make me more happy, and that she would try more to improve. She said this very sadly. I took her present, and exerted myself to appear as cheerful as usual.

"The present she brought was a pincushion, one of her choicest treasures.

"Lessons as usual. Talking with Laura about being kind and benevolent. She began to give me a long account of little kind things that she had done. After a time, I told her that sometimes people did kind things, that their friends might praise them, and think they were kind and benevolent.

"We talked of it some time, Laura's face growing more and more red, yet half smiling. I could see she was applying the remark to herself, as indeed she does everything that she hears of this kind. 'Why do I like to be praised?' she soon asked. I told her that every one did, and that it was right for us to like to have our friends love us, and praise us too, if we are good. Supposed the case of two little children, one of whom was very kind to his sisters that his mother might call him good, and the other did the same, because he was glad to see all happy, &c. Asked her which she thought was the best child. She hesitated a moment, and replied, 'the boy who wanted to see the other children happy.'

There may be better ways of correcting such faults in children, but there are, certainly, worse ones in frequent use. Punishment of the common kind, even that of rebuke, might have driven Laura into a habit of deceit, which would lead to duplicity, and which could hardly be cured except by herself after her conscience had become active and strong. But it will be seen that this very habit prevents the growth of conscience, and too often dwarfs it forever.

I do not believe that Laura Bridgman is so happily organized as many other children; I think she has some constitutional disturbing forces which do not affect others. Nevertheless, I am confident that for many years she has never varied from the truth, nor swerved from the right, unless under the influence of what were, to her, strong temptations. That such temptations were not kept from her is my fault, or the fault of those circumstances which keep us all so far from perfection.

Let it not be supposed, that the foregoing instances of unamiable conduct are given as specimens of Laura's general conduct; so far from it, they are very uncommon exceptions to her usual kind and conscientious deportment. I give them for two reasons; because I would faithfully describe what so many are interested to see in all its lights, and because the lesson may be useful to others.

It is a curious case, this of Laura's. A poor blind and deaf girl, of humble history and humbler hopes—unconscious of being the object of special regard, and yet every act and word carefully noted down, and more eagerly looked for by thousands in various parts of the world, than those of purple-born princesses! And yet it may not be a solitary case. It may be that each one of us is watched over with tender interest by guardian spirits;—that "all our faults are observed, conned, and scanned by rote, and set in a note-book," not perhaps, "to be cast in our teeth," but to serve the great purposes of truth and good.

Could Laura be suddenly restored to her senses, and clothed with our faculties and intellect, which so far transcend hers, she would stand amazed to find herself the centre of so much observation; she would look fearfully and anxiously back to recall all her past thoughts and deeds, and perhaps painfully repent that some of them had not been better. So it may be with us, when the clog of the flesh shall be removed from those faculties and powers that so far transcend those of the body. We may find that what we whispered in secret was heard through the universe,—what we did in the darkness was seen as at noon day. But it is better for her and for us that it should be as it is; that we should shun the wrong, not because others may punish us, and do the right, not because others may reward us, but because the one is good and the other is bad.

Laura has often amused herself during the past year by little exercises in composition. The following story, written during the absence of her teacher, will serve as a specimen of her use of language. The last sentence, though not grammatical, may be considered as the moral, and a very good moral, of the whole.

"THE GOODNATURED GIRL.

"Lucy was merely nine years old. She had excellent parents. She always did with alacrity what her mother requested her do. She told Lucy when it was time for her to go to school; so Lucy ran and put on her bonnet and shawl, and then she went back to her mamma. She offered Lucy a basket containing some pie and cake for luncheon. And Lucy went precisely at school-time, and when she got to the house she took her own seat and began to study diligently with all the children. And she always conformed to her teacher's wishes. In recess she took luncheon out of her basket, but she gave some of it to her mates. Lucy had some books with pictures and slate in her desk—

"When she went home she found that dinner was all ready—Afterwards her mother took her to take tea with her friends. Lucy was much delighted to play with her little cousins, Lucy and Helen; and they let her see their playthings. After tea Lucy was sorry to depart; and when she went to bed she thought she had made it pleasantly to all her friends with little joyful heart."

Laura keeps a sort of diary, in which she writes with her own hand an account of what passes every day. It is generally a bald narration of the facts; but an extract will give an idea of her daily routine of study. The diary is generally very legibly written.

Her store of knowledge has been very much increased during the last year. It will be seen, too, that she has improved in the use of language; and when it is considered that other deaf mutes have as great advantages over her as we have over them, if not greater, her style will bear comparison with theirs.

She has become somewhat more thoughtful and sedate than formerly, though she is generally very cheerful, and sometimes displays a childish humor that shows her age is to be measured by the degree of her mental development, rather than by the number of years that she has lived.

She has extended the circle of her acquaintance, and has endeared herself to many persons who have learned to converse with her. It is the earnest hope of all that her life may be prolonged, and that we may be enabled to do our duty to her and to ourselves by making it as happy and as useful as possible.

S. G. HOWE.

From the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

THE PIOUS SLAVE.

Tom was the slave of a wealthy Southern lady. During the widowhood of his mistress, he was her confidential servant, and often accompanied her on long journeys, both by land and water. When he was about twenty-two years of age, his mistress began to spend her summers in Kentucky and Tennessee, and while listening to a colored preacher, (who was himself a slave,) became deeply convicted.—Shortly after this, while on board a steamboat going to Mississippi, he was powerfully converted. He felt it to be his duty to labor for the salvation of immortal souls, and notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances by which he was surrounded, the mighty work was immediately commenced. With more than his former fidelity as a servant, he endeavored to promote the temporal prosperity of the family with which he was connected. And with all the zeal and fervor of an Apostle, he began to exhort and beseech sinners to flee the wrath to come.—Such was the consistency of his conduct, and the blamelessness of his life, that although his shouting was condemned, and efforts were made to induce him to suppress his feelings of joy; the power with which he spoke could not be resisted. His mistress was among the earliest to be influenced by his example and his exhortations. About a year after his own conversion, he had the satisfaction of seeing her become an humble disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. She had been religiously educated, and the prayers of her pious servant very soon awakened all the good desires and resolutions of her childhood.—Before leaving Kentucky, the next fall, they entered into a solemn covenant with the church, in which its members pledged themselves to pray fervently for the souls on the plantation. On arriving at home, the whole family was assembled. The hymns were lined, and the Scriptures, read by Mrs. ———, and Tom conducted the other services, proving himself to be an "efficient" laborer in the Lord's vineyard, and in that "true succession" which God delights to honor. In the course of a few weeks, a church numbering forty-seven members, was regularly organized. * * * * How many others were saved through the instrumentality of that obscure child of God, will not be known until the judgment day. "O!" said an intelligent lady, whose eyes filled with tears as she spoke, "I have known many good Christians, but I never knew another so constantly under the influence of the spirit as Tom was. He literally rejoiced evermore, and "prayed without ceasing." After serving the Lord for about four years, he was called from his labors to his reward. Surrounded by his spiritual children whom he had previously taught to live as Christians, he appeared equally ready to show them how to die. And while breathing his last, he told his weeping friends that "he had a firm hold on the promises, and was going right home to heaven.

He died as he had lived, and with an unshaken trust in God, and obscure as he was, he being dead yet speaketh. Several have told me that they never spoke of him without a melting of heart, and a drawing of their affections towards the heaven whither he has gone. ITINERANT

From the Essex [Mass] Transcript.

POOR PAULINE!—A TOUCHING TALE OF TRUTH.

Many of our readers have probably seen a paragraph stating that a young slave-girl was recently hanged at New Orleans, for the crime of striking and abusing her mistress. The religious press of the North has not, so far as we are aware, made any comments upon this execution. It is too busy in pulling the mote out of the eye of the Heathen, to notice the beam in our nominal Christianity at home. Yet this case, viewed in all its aspects, is an atrocity, which has, God be thanked, no parallel in heathen lands. It is a hideous offshoot of American Republicanism, and American Christianity.

It seems that Pauline,—a young and beautiful girl—attracted the admiration of her master, and being, to use the words of the law, his "chattel personal to all intent and *purposes whatsoever*," became the victim of his lust So wretched is the condition of the slave-woman, that even the brutal and licentious regard of her master is looked upon as the highest exaltation of which her lot is susceptible. The slave-girl, in this instance, evidently so regarded it; and as a natural consequence, in her new condition, triumphed over, and insulted her mistress—in other words, repaid in some degree the scorn and abuse with which her mistress had made her painfully familiar.

The laws of the Christian State of Mississippi inflict the punishment of death! upon the slave who lifts his or her hand against a white person.—Pauline was accused of beating her mistress, tried and found guilty, and condemned to die. But it was discovered on the trial, that she was in a condition to become a mother; and her execution was delayed until the birth of her child. She was returned to her prison cell. There, for many weary months, uncheered by the voice of kindness, alone, hopeless, desolate, she waited for the advent of the new and quickening life within her, which was to be the signal of her own miserable death! And the bells there called to mass and prayer-meeting, and Methodists sang, and Baptists immersed, and Presbyterians sprinkled—and young mothers smiled through tears upon their newborn children: and maidens, and matrons of that great city sat in their cool verandahs and talked of love, and household joys, and domestic happiness,—while all that dreary time, the poor slave-girl lay on the scanty straw of her dungeon, waiting, with what agony the dear and pitying God of the white and the black only knows, for the birth of the child of her adulterous violator! Horrible!—Was ever what George Sand justly terms "the great martyrdom of maternity,"—that fearful trial which love alone converts into joy unspeakable—endured under such conditions! What was her substitute for the kind voices and gentle soothings of affection!—the harsh grating of her prison-lock—the mockings and taunts of unfeeling and brutal keepers! What with the poor Pauline took the place of the hopes and joyful anticipations which support and solace the white mother, and make her couch of torture, happy with sweet dreams? The prospect of seeing the child of her sorrow, of feeling its lips upon her bosom, of hearing its feeble cry—alone, unvisited of its unnatural father; and then in a few days, just when the mother's affections are strongest, and the first smile of her infant compensates for the pangs of the past,—the scaffold and the hangman! Think of that last terrible scene—the tearing of the infant from her arms, the death-march to the gallows, the rope around her delicate neck, and her long and dreadful struggles, (for attenuated and worn by physical suffering and mental sorrow, her slight frame had not sufficient weight left to produce the dislocation of her neck, on the falling of the drop,) swinging there alive for nearly half an hour,—a spectacle for fiends in the shape of humanity. Mothers of New England! such are the fruits of Slavery. Oh, in the name of the blessed God, teach your children to hate it, and to pity its victims.

Petty politicians, and empty headed Congress debaters are vastly concerned lest "the honor of the country" should be compromised in the matter of the Oregon boundary. Fools!—one such horrible atrocity as this murder of poor Pauline, "compromises" us too deeply to warrant any further display of their patriotism. It would "compromise" Paradise itself. An intelligent and philanthropic European gentleman, who was in New Orleans at the time of the execution, in a letter to a friend in this vicinity, after detailing the circumstances of the revolting affair, exclaims, "God of goodness! God of justice! there must be a future state to redress the wrongs of this. I am almost tempted to say there must be a future state, or no God!"

THE COUNTRYMAN ECLIPSED.

Everybody, says the Boston Bee, recollects the case of the verdant gentleman who, on inquiring, as he cast his eyes toward the sky, what *star* that was, and receiving the reply that it was a rocket, excused his mistake on the ground that "he was a stranger in the city." A similar circumstance, adds the Bee, came to our knowledge on the day of the late eclipse.

"Goin' to be an eclipse, hey? Dew tell!" exclaimed a countryman to a city acquaintance, in the morning. "An' I've got tew go 'aout o' taown, right away! It's jis my darned ole luck. But never min'; I'll see yer *fire-works* on the 4th o' July, or break daown, any how, I swunny!"

It never occurred to him that the eclipse was not an exclusive "Boston monopoly."